The New York Times Book Review

Section 3

JUNE 13, 1926 THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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GUEDALLA CRACKS A FEW JOKES

George III and Louis XVI Among the "Founding Fathers"

The Washington Family: George Washington, His Lady, and Her Five Grandchildren by the Name of Custis—1798.

Painted and Engraved by E. Savage.

FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION. By Philip Guedalla. 302 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

By R. L. DUFFUS

As carpenters put the finishing touches on the Sesquicentennial buildings at Philadelphia Mr. Philip Guedalla arrives very opportunely on the scene with a portfolio of twelve eighteenth century portraits which he has called "Fathers of the Revolution." He exhibits them with an engaging frankness. "Since they make no pretense of completeness or finality," he tells us, "they can have little claim to hang in the main gallery." Yet, he adds, "they may sometimes catch the turn of a head" or "even recall the tone of a voice." And we need not classify them with those "exercises in that tittering denigration, in which our age so frequently asserts its own superiority." Nothing could be more abhorrent to Mr. Guedalla's artistic conscience.

All this is thoroughly honest. Mr. Guedalla is not playing the old army game. There is a pea under each and every one of his thimbles. If this were the whole story his product might find favor with those who provide historical nourishment for schoolboys, but it would hardly tickle the palates of adults. It is not the whole story, however. Mr. Guedalla is a true child of this impish and ironical generation. He also is an artist. He does not knock statues from their pedestals and break them up with a hammer. Neither does he smear them with paint in patterns of his own devising. And yet, for the life of him, he cannot help seeing the joke—sometimes a bitter or pitiful joke—that grins behind every statue.

His mood, therefore, is irony, but it is an irony which the great satirists would not have recognized. It is an irony which comes from a detection of the element of futility in even the most spectacular lives, from the discovery that men are frequently canonized for qualities they did not value or were not aware of, and from a growing suspicion that those we call the great were creatures of chance like the rest of us. But this new knowledge leads, not to denunciation, but to sympathy. In former times nations made gods of their great men. Later it became the fashion to erect images of them in parks and at the entrances to subway stations. It was their differences from the residue of humanity that were emphasized. Now we are trying to be more neighborly, and if neighborliness is sometimes mistaken for irreverence that is our misfortune, not our fault. Under these circumstances the irony of modern biography is not a literary device or a mental attitude—it is the jest that lies at the heart of life.

One of the major whimsicalities of history is that events are frequently brought about by those who either are not interested in them or are doing their utmost to prevent them. It is this which adds piquancy to Mr. Guedalla's title. Four of his "Fathers" are personages one might expect to find in the list—Washington, Franklin, Samuel Adams and Lafayette. A fifth, Alexander Hamilton, can be included by stretching the definition a little. Pitt and Burke justified rebellion, though Burke lived long enough to spit the word out of his mouth. But it is clear that George III, Louis XVI, Lord North, Burgoyne and Cornwallis would none of them have been cheered to be apostrophized at their dying moments as fathers of a revolution. Yet that is what "the poor dears," as Mr. Guedalla agreeably calls them, actually were. They "made history and never noticed it; or they made it and then, like a posted letter, quite forgot it." But nations, if properly grateful, would not forget in turn.

> King George [points out Mr. Guedalla] is out of place in Cockspur Street. That neat military figure, when America pays her historical debts, will ride down Broadway. For he helped more than most men for whom the claim is made to found the United States. A similar piety should impel every town in the Union to erect a statue to Lord North. * * * A modest pedestal might proclaim that, though not strictly a Son of Liberty, he was yet a father of the Revolution.

It is with such a topic that Mr. Guedalla achieves his most delicate effects, and often these are exquisite indeed. Of the father of King George he says: "Alike by the scale of his debts and the range of his affections he stormed the popular heart." He speaks of the young King's "total ignorance of law, imbibed from early study of Chief Justice Blackstone's 'Commentaries.'" He tells us that "George's nerve was unimpeded by sagacity; and he succeeded." He observes, with regard to the success of Dr. Franklin's French mission in 1777, that "there are few more touching spectacles in history than the degree to which hostility to England reconciles foreign statesmen to the noblest causes." He handles poor Louis so gently as to verge on sentimentality: "If any cry rose in him it was the formal sweet lament which had wailed so often through the busy violins at Trianon. J'ai perdu—he was on the reeking planks now—j'ai perdu mon Eurydice. So she was lost; and he, at last, was silent; and still the violins come wailing down the wind in the last unfinished melody of the French monarchy." Perhaps there is such a thing as too much sympathy, too great a degree of poetic imagination, in a biographer. But with Cornwallis and Burgoyne it is possible to be merrier. Gates and Washington, thinks Mr. Guedalla, have had the credit of Saratoga and Yorktown long enough; "it is time for the boys to gleam upon the brows—

(Continued on Page 25)

Literature as an Aspect Of Mass Production

The Public Worships the Great God Dullness; and the Publishers Worship the Public

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF LITERATURE. By Michael Joseph. In Collaboration With Grant Overton. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

MR. MICHAEL JOSEPH said a mouthful when he observed of books, "No one can tell beforehand which way the wind of popularity is going to blow." But alas, he is a theorist and doesn't stick to his text. With these words of wisdom in his mouth, he straightway forgets them and roundly asserts that snappy books sell a hundred to one, the poor realist trailing dismally in the rear.

It is not exactly so. The drab books sell consummately, and the protagonists of Fairyland complain bitterly and scornfully of the public taste. If only the realists were realistic there would be no ground for their antagonists to stand on. Mr. Joseph thinks they are. He says they "aim at the truthful presentation of life, or a fragment of life." If they only did! But most of them aim to be disagreeable, and the real quarrel with the reading public is that it worships the great god Dullness.

Really, my lords and gentlemen, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order, life is not wholly made up of the pestiferous; nor is photography necessarily art. It is true enough that most of life is pretty dull, and that a correct report of several consecutive conversations would not assay much gold. But what's the use of pounding out 300 pages of dialogue beginning "It's a fine day," or "Business is looking up," and then putting them between covers when the necessary number of pages have been filled? "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which gave the impetus to this fashion, was the curse of literature for two generations, and still is.

Besides, there is truth in the extraordinary; it is not necessary to be ordinary to be truthful. The realistic novel is as false as a fairy story, for it deliberately paints life as all of one color, and life is many-hued. "Peter Pan" comes nearer telling the truth about life—or rather "a fragment of life," as Mr. Joseph puts it—than "Main Street." It is at least as good psychology, too.

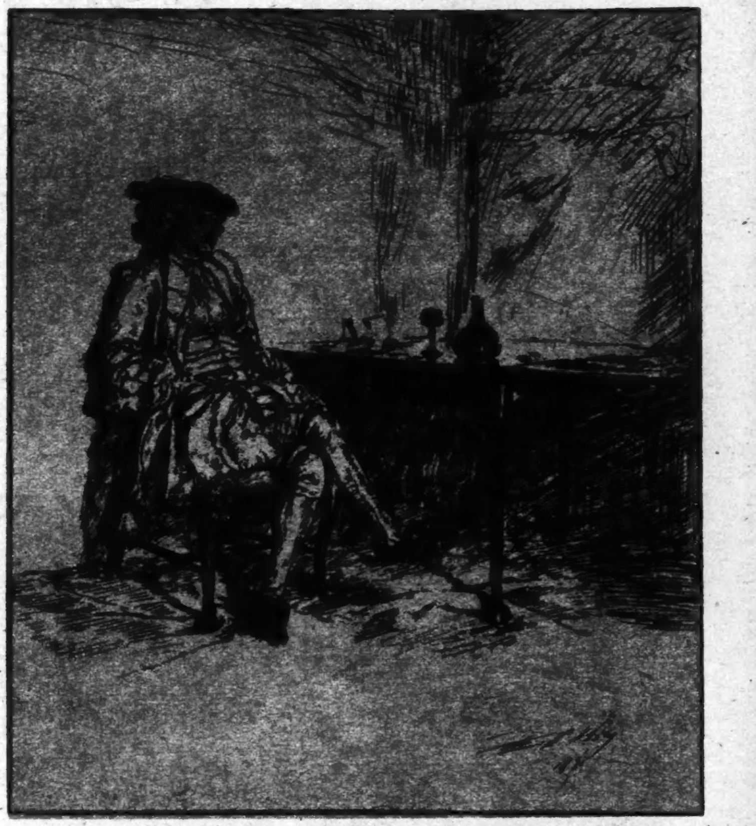
There are writers false to life, but they do not all belong to one school. Of the wildly selling best sellers today, it is not Zane Grey who is furthest from the truth, but Harold Bell Wright. A realist or an idealist, it makes no difrerence; the touchstone of falsity is not to be found in the label of the school. Truth can be told with a laughing or a sober face. Is there anything more close to truth in literature than the story of the Prodigal Son?

The highbrows scoff at such publications as the Detective Story Magazine and yet read, nothing doubting, of the deeds of Gerald Chapman and Richard Reese Whittemore; nor can anything be found in all fiction more improbable than the duly authenticated story of Leopold and Loeb. No realist would put that story in his novel, nor the story of the still unforgotten Dr. Waite, whose career can be matched only in the poison part of "The Count of Monte Cristo."

There is some confusion in Mr. Joseph's mind, for in spite of his exaltation of realism he thinks people read novels to escape from their workaday lives. Realism, at least as depicted by Mr. Mencken, keeps that world too much with us. Ruth Suckow, cutting out a section of farm life in the Middle West that begins nowhere and ends nowhere, and Anzia Yezierska, drably painting the drabbest of the none too drab east side, are surely no means of escape from the drab life we are all supposed to lead.

These things are not really true to life. I have seen a good deal of the east side and a good deal of farm life. Try as I will, I cannot visualize from my experience the dreadful lives Miss Yezierska's east siders live or the depressing lives of Miss Suckow's farmers. It has been just luck, I suppose. I have found a little more merriment and cheerfulness among farmers and east siders than among the rich people I have seen. When will some realist begin to tell the drab story of the rich? They don't seem to have much fun.

Just because I am a little hot under the collar over Mr. Joseph's gay and irresponsible theories, it must not be supposed that his book (and Mr. Overton's) is theoretical. On the contrary, it is a painstaking effort to tell you how to write your book and sell it, and it goes into the smallest details. It is valuable to anybody who wants to write a book, and Mr. Joseph tells us that everybody who can use a pen or pencil does. He has concentrated too much. Any manager will tell you that they all want to go on the stage, but Mr. Joseph thinks in terms of books. Let us compromise. Anybody over 16 wants either to write a book or face the footlights—or go on the screen. Even that is too much of a generalization; there are thousands who have no worse ambition than to go into a bank. But let Mr. Joseph's generalization stand; his book will be useful to the thousands who have what he calls the "cacoethes scribendi"—not a new phrase.



"The Letter," an Unpublished Pen Drawing by E. A. Abbey, in the Possession of Mrs. E. A. Abbey.

From "British Book Illustration Yesterday and Today." (The Studio, Ltd., London.)

Let him tell, therefore, of the nuances of the trade; of copyright, literary agents, marketing and so on. Beginner, read them; they will do you good. But he writes with such obvious enjoyment that as for me I would rather quarrel with him over his solemnities than tell you the details on which he has spent so much time and energy. For instance, he asserts that anybody can get a book published; that publishers are mad over manuscripts. That simply isn't true. It is hard to get a book accepted, no matter what Mr. Joseph says.

He gave his case away in that quotation with which I began: "No one can tell beforehand which way the wind of popularity is going to blow." Publishers know that as well as he does, and consequently they are timid. There are no business men so hard to convince. If there is a plunger in the publishing business, I hereby urge Mr. Joseph to introduce me to him. Then, too, I question Mr. Joseph's (or is it Mr. Overton's?) confident assertion that "the author cannot too often be reminded that the publisher's interest and his own are identical and that the publisher has as much reason, if not more, for wishing to exploit every means in his power to sell the book as the author."

This is all right as a general proposition, but why do publishers boost one book and make no effort whatever to sell another? That they do just that thing is not a point to be argued with any author except one so popular that his books sell themselves. Furthermore, it is not cheap publishers alone who do this, but some of the best. In fact, it is just as safe to take your chance with an unknown publisher as with one whose name rings through the world. Optimism can be overdone, and Mr. Joseph seems to have been supplied by nature with a little more than his share.

Another thing: The word "publishers" is not specific. There are as many kinds of publishers as there are kinds of boats, from a transatlantic liner to a canoe. There are publishers who will publish anything if they are paid for it, and then let the book take care of itself. These are the lowest grade in the business, and hardly distinguishable from the bunco-steerer. Some of them even send out circulars to Tom, Dick and Harry offering to publish anything that may come into the mind of Thomas, Richard and Henry. This is a species of preying on human vanity not to be separated from the trade of the matrimonial agent or the green-goods man. From this amoeba of the publishing species the strain runs all the way up to the high-rate gentleman with a code of ethics, and there are many stops on the way. So why talk of "publishers?" It would be much more reasonable to talk of "lawyers" and include everybody from the disbarred "fixer" to Elihu Root.

Mr. Joseph's defense of the literary agent is faintly amusing. He quotes a publisher who said that money was everything with the literary agent, and says the assertion is "very unfair to the agent who honestly has the best interests of his authors at heart." Very likely it is, but Mr. Joseph's argument to the contrary is not convincing. He says that "there are many other considerations—the author's reputation, for instance." Analyze this. If the author's reputation is an asset with the agent, it is only because that reputation is a guarantee of money, so it comes down to the same thing in the long run. To put up an effective defense of the agent the defender would be obliged to say that the agent is willing to take a book on its merits and neither for money nor its equivalent, reputation. There are agents who do this, but not many. Mr. Joseph is more candid and quite accurate when he says that the agent acts as intermediary only for people who have already arrived. This is not invariably true, but it is a pretty good rule.

On this point Mr. Joseph says, brutally but truthfully, that an author who has a reputation is "a literary property which becomes more and more valuable out of all proportion to his progress." This is just where the literary agent makes his money. At the same time, the more the author "booms," to use Mr. Joseph's word, the greater grows his disinclination for the drudgery of marketing his own wares, so that the literary agent is not buncoing him any more than he is doing him a favor. The agent makes the money and the author is relieved from a part of his work which he does not like. It is a stand-off.

Sometimes Mr. Joseph evinces a surprising moderation of statement. For instance, he says that many writers deliberately set forth to manufacture a best seller. The qualification does undeserved honor to the profession, trade or business, whichever it is. It assumes that there are still dreamy geniuses who write without thought of reward. Are there? Or does not every man set his hand to his typewriter with a steady eye on the long green? Breathes there a novelist with soul so pure that he writes with anything but an eye on the business returns? Maybe; the world is so full of a number of things. But, in the never-to-be-forgotten language of Mr. Dooley, I can't see one, "an' I have a tillyscope."

Roundly asserting that "in these days of mass production" it takes a lot of work on the publisher's part to get a book going, Mr. Joseph yet admits that "it does sometimes happen that a book arrives of its own accord," and adds, "Public taste is a mystery and always will be." Sometimes? Why, all through his book he is repeating the name of Ethel M. Dell, who sells tremendously without the aid of any publisher; and he might have gone further back, if he were older, to E. P. Roe, Bertha M. Clay and scores of others. Mass production and the publishers be hanged! Turn to the stage and take a look at "Abie's Irish Rose," condemned by all the critics, or "Charley's Aunt," hawked around among all the sneering publishers. Did not all the reviewers sneer at Marie Corelli and bow to the burning bush where Andreyev lit his sombre light? Yet who reads Andreyev and who does not read Marie Corelli?

The Rev. Mr. Crothers once asked a child what were the best stories she had ever read. She mentioned what she called "The Probable Son" and "Cinderella" and another story I have forgotten. And she was right. They all told stories; and public taste is no mystery. What it hungers for is a story. Miss Suckow cannot tell a story; she is only a photographer with a small lens. Rafael Sabatini, at whose success Mr. Joseph marvels in an age hostile to historical novels, can tell a story. Dickens, despite his rickety plots, is a best seller, and will be for all time; and so is Henry Fielding, despite his excruciating habit of prefacing every chapter with an essay. The story's the thing, as Hamlet did not say. Think it over, Mr. Joseph.

Outline of Our New York Berries

THE SMALL FRUITS OF NEW YORK. By Dr. U. P. Hedrick. Assisted by G. H. Howe, O. M. Taylor, Alwin Berger, G. L. Slate and Olav Einset. 614 pp. Illustrated. Albany: J. B. Lyon. $7.50.

ONCE again fruit growers, both amateur and professional, are indebted to Dr. Hedrick and his associates for a valuable and decorative addition to the literature of horticulture. This most recent volume, the seventh in the series of monographs on the hardy fruits published by the State Experiment Station at Geneva, maintains the same high standard of scholarly presentation and of mechanical make-up as its predecessors, but is bound to make a wider appeal because of the almost universal popularity in the home garden of some or all of the fruits dealt with in its pages.

Raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, currants, gooseberries and strawberries are described in profusion and many of the more important kinds are illustrated by beautiful four-color plates in natural size. The work is intended primarily as a source of reference for the identification of small fruit varieties and contains much material of interest chiefly to the botanist and professional horticulturist. But every gardener who delights in a knowledge of the correct nomenclature of his plantings will find the book quite worth while. Also, those who contemplate a venture in small fruit planting will find in "The Small Fruits of New York" a trustworthy guide in choosing varieties for various soil and climatic conditions and for different seasons and uses. The scope of the work is much wider than the boundaries of the Empire State, in spite of the title imposed upon the volume.

Unfortunately, space did not permit of any discussion of cultural methods of the several small fruits, although this would undoubtedly have added materially to the value of the treatise. Much space is given to a discussion of the evolution of the small fruits, thus giving the reader a better conception of the possibilities of improvement in existing varieties and a clearer perspective of the place of small fruit culture, both past and present, in the world's agriculture. Dr. Hedrick says:

Small fruits are newer to cultivation than tree fruits, evolution with them is now in full swing, and varieties are much shorter lived. Therefore, it has seemed necessary to give greater prominence to types which show the trend of evolution, some of which may have little value for culture at the present time. Besides these types, varieties valuable for home or market, new varieties of note, and all the small fruits which have proved their worth in breeding, are given prominence in illustration and description.

A detailed account of the interesting events that have marked the development of the small fruits in America cannot be given here. Suffice it to say, however, that our red raspberries are derived from a European species and from a wild form found in this country by the early settlers; that black raspberries are derived from a wild native species, and that the hybrid or purple cane raspberries have developed as crosses between the two red species and this black kind. Our common blackberries and dewberries are all natives, while Europe has contributed much to America in the development of our present-day currants, gooseberries and strawberries.

Biographical sketches of American horticulturists who have contributed largely to the development of the small fruits add an element of human interest which makes the volume something more than a mere work of reference.

East and West Hold a Symposium on Civilization

Oriental Smugness and Occidental Doubt Contrast With Africa's Plaint

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? By Maurice Maeterlinck, Dhan Gopal Mukerji and others. With an introduction by Hendrik Van Loon. 217 pp. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50.

By P. W. WILSON

IT is for highbrows who desire to be Brahmans without burdening their brains that certain eminent pundits have been playfully toying with the question: What is civilization? Eternities and ethics are treated in epigrams a trifle lighter than air, a kind of ballet of beliefs and unbeliefs, all included in a cover which, though not quite cubist, aptly expresses the chaos of the kaleidoscope within. We admire this cover. Our grandmothers also gathered tattered remnants of the past, and these they stitched into what they called crazy quilts. Only our grandmothers used these crazy quilts to cover their beds, not their books.

To trace coherence in a volume which ranges over all time and all lands, depositing you finally with Elisabeth Robins Pennell in the New York subway, and even there with only a strap to hang on, is like flying over the North Pole at a hundred miles an hour and searching for solid earth beneath the moving icefield. But about one page in this book there can be no misunderstanding. It displays to us the table of contents.

The volume contains ten articles, reprinted from The Forum, with an introduction by Mr. Van Loon. Of the contributors, there are thus eight whose blood is European, one is also African by race and two are Asiatic. If we have to award a prize in this oratorical contest it shall go to Africa and the brilliant essay of Mr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Agree with him or not, this is literature.

Between the eight Westerns and the three wise men from the East we notice a distinction. The Westerns are critical; the Easterns, on the whole, are complacent. We receive the impression that everything inside Christendom has gone wrong, while most things outside Christendom went right. Indeed, what we call the West is peopled by Publicans; what we call the East is peopled by Pharisees. Europe breeds sinners. America receives them. But Asia and Africa teem with the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

In illustrating this serious contrast we will begin with the intellect. Mr. Van Loon, beating his breast, assures us that "one can be a tremendous scientist and remain as uncivilized as a baboon." "The human mind," he says, is the "most unstable of all instruments of precision."

Indeed, the instability of the human mind is illustrated in Mr. Van Loon's own essay. For on page 12 he warns us that we are "still preeminently people of the late Stone Age," who "run the risk of being exterminated by some such humble creature as the tent caterpillar, who will use the absence of the necessary man power in (sic) our fields to eat us out of house and home." Yet on page 13 he feels so much happier about the tent caterpillars that he finds "the problem of food and shelter"—otherwise, house and home—to be "no longer a menace to society." The mental instability may be due, of course, to what Mr. Van Loon calls the difficulty of "discoursing upon Einnstein underneath the shady pillars of the elevated." This, we admit, is not the situation which we ourselves select for studying Einstein or even the question, What is civilization?

Happily, China is a country where the human mind, so unstable here, is firm as a rock. Of his nation's mentality, Mr. Chi Fung-liu gives us a most encouraging account. "The conception of life," he says, "is to be found in a broad expanse of love for the Ultimate and the Universal which is the common thought-inheritance of every Chinese." Omitting trivialities like opium, Mr. Liu finds in China nothing but "wisdom and inner peace." And "in her own way," we are assured, "in her life as in her philosophy, China has subordinated everything to human reason, and built up a society in harmony with its precepts." Hence "throughout her long history," so we are assured, "the population of China has been happy." There may have been wars, now and then, but "never" religious wars! China never obliterated the Nestorians; never fought the Moslems; never lost more lives in the Taiping rebellion than Europe lost after August, 1914, and never witnessed the slaughter of missionaries and their converts by the Boxers.

China thus deserves the adjective "celestial," and it is only in Brooklyn that the politicians are—as Mrs. Pennell puts it—"wrangling and snarling like dogs over a bone," while "the men who undertake to interpret the Word of God" are "shrieking hell and damnation to each other like angry fishwives." Indeed, for culture, cities of the West do not compare with cities of the East. To Mrs. Pennell, Brooklyn, where she lives, is a purgatory. But to Mr. Mukerji, Benares, where he does not live, is a paradise. Mrs. Pennell, who thinks that Gilbert wrote "The Hunting of the Snark," tells us that in Brooklyn "day by day the art of living withers and fades, leaving us to face existence, unadorned, in all its nakedness. But in Benares, Mr. Mukerji assures us, "the Infinite has room for all." Everything, even "theft or prostitution," is included in "the Infinite." And "religion is realisation, not belief." Where men of the West try to climb Mount Everest, the "holiness" of "the sages," which embraces "theft and prostitution," has "humbled the Himalayas" before "India's spirituality." In fact, "what is not in India exists nowhere else." Really, if India were subject to the anti-trust laws she would have to be prosecuted for attempting a monopoly of soul.

Indeed, India, as represented by Mr. Mukerji, demonstrates that, after all, self-praise may be the highest of recommendations. He tells us of his favorite Swami whose "round and shaven face glowed with perfect certainty." This blandest of mystics invited Mr. Mukerji to "meditate with me till the stars are lit." And with the streets of the country running red with the blood of fanaticism, the Swami observed that in India there was no "room for bigotry, hate, criticism and intolerance." And with justice roughly denied to sixty million untouchables, the Swami also expatiated on India's "respect for all races and all truths and realisation of that inward Repose which 'achieves more than any movement.'"

The Ultimate and the Universal in China and the Infinite in India are thus far superior to the Actual in America. And yet, for some reason, it is the Actual that today permeates the Ultimate, the Universal and the Infinite. After thirteen years of absence from India, Mr. Mukerji, on revisiting the home of his birth, was "deeply pained to see taxicabs and Ford trucks" instead of "bullock carts, horse-drawn vehicles and elephants." He says sadly, "Such a change in the unchanging East hurt and shocked my spirit." Precisely why Mr. Mukerji should ride in taxicabs down Fifth Avenue while other Indians as good as he is are to be content with bullocks and elephants in Allahabad is a question which we leave to the devotees of the Upanishads. If "the Infinite has room for all," why exclude the automobile?

From the saints and sages of the East we turn, then, to the sinners of the West. All of them are in a most humble frame of mind. Ralph Adams Cram confesses that he is "a special pleader," not for his own day and generation but for the feudal system. "Whatever we have of true liberty and order," he says, "is based not on our dim and distorted classical heritage but on the clear vision and the creative thought of the monks and the guilds and the commons of the Middle Ages."

Then there comes along Mr. Paul Shorey, quite sarcastic. Does not Mr. Cram, he asks, stay at the latest hotels? And does not Mr. Mukerji use the telephone? The real age to live in is, according to Mr. Shorey, not the Middle Age, but the age of Pericles. Maurice Maeterlinck, on the other hand, will have it that "there is nothing in the whole world that can compare with the Temple of Luxor," which is, of course, true, though it has been said several times before and does not mean very much whenever it is said. Indeed, we are inclined to be sympathetic with M. Maeterlinck. For he is a man who really knows what he is writing about and prefers, therefore, not to write rubbish. His Egypt is less perfect than the competing paradises. Indeed, he shakes our faith in the enchantments of the remote by stating that "the furniture of poor Tut-ankh-Amen" is "the most extraordinary medley of crazy bric-à-brac that ever figured in an auctioneer's nightmare." Was there ever such iconoclasm, even in archaeology? Actually, Mr. Carter has dug up something which is not more beautiful than the things we use today.

Mr. Spinden also knows his subject. And gallant, indeed, has been his endeavor, despite fearful odds, to prove the superiority of the Mayas over their degenerate successors on this disappointing American continent. He talks of the "rows of pasty faces in the subway rushing from unloved work to stupid pleasure." He yearns for "the intimations of grandeur" that exalt the soul of "the African bushman." But apparently the chief claim of the Mayas to be our mentors was their ability to make "solid lime and rubble constructions with vaulted rooms and rich decoration in stone veneer." We leave it to Mr. Cram to say whether and to what extent these building materials are superior to reinforced concrete.

It is Mr. Du Bois who states "the answer of Africa." To him this discussion is not academic merely, but vital. His medium is not ink, but his life-blood. His case is not a thought, but himself. And he puts the case in prose that is often poetry, and with a dignity that is itself a demonstration of the rights of man. To him the African village has been in its way a perfect community. If the village lay exposed to the slave raider, it was because it remained isolated from other villages. And it is the curse of slavery that for 100 years has arrested the civilization of the race in whose soul was born, according to Mr. Du Bois, the supreme art of music, the rhythm of the dance and the rudimentary crafts of carving and weaving. On this our only comment is that the growth of Africa, however deplorably arrested, is today an inspiring possibility.

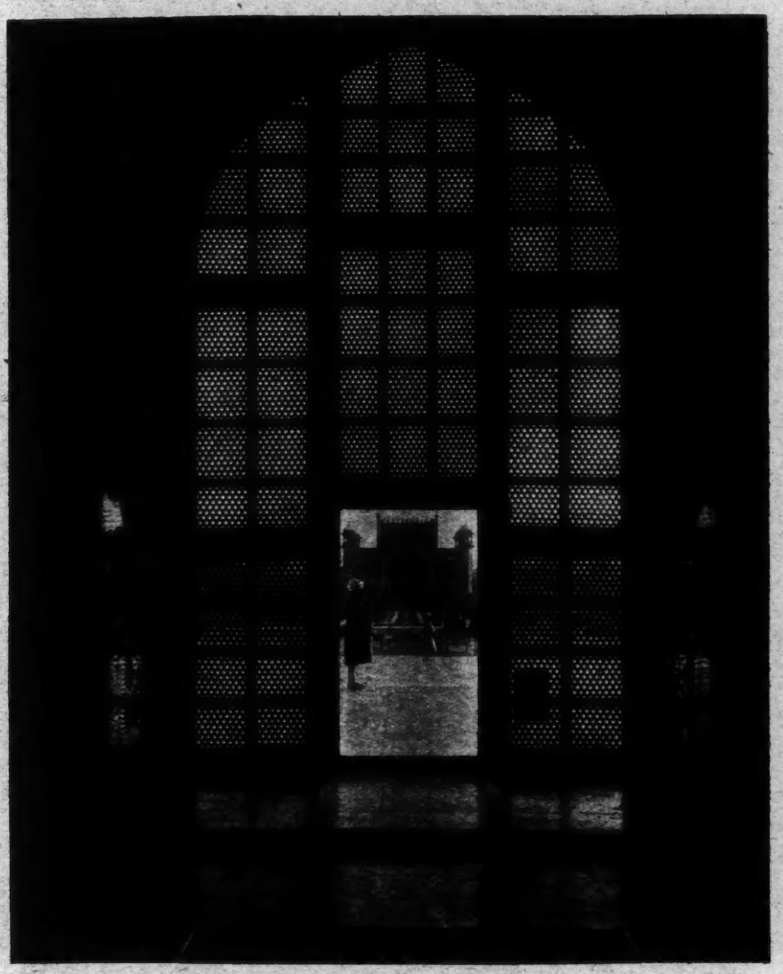
So, at the end of it all, we return to Mr. Van Loon and the original question, "What is civilization?" Mr. Van Loon is not wholly satisfied with the slogan of the eighteenth century that we should aim at "the greatest good of the greatest number." Here is "paid," he thinks, "too much deference to 'things' and not quite enough to 'the spirit of things.'" And the result has been "the Florentine-Bronxville renaissance" of which Mr. Van Loon, honestly, cannot approve.

He therefore defines civilisation as "that form of society which allows the greatest number of people to show the greatest amount of consideration for the physical happiness and spiritual comfort of the largest number of their neighbors."

It is, we think, an excellent definition. Indeed, it suggests that the eminent essayists who have so brilliantly entertained the state of mind known as Boston might extend their inquiries a little further. They have given us "the answer" of India and of Africa and of China and of Pericles and of "poor Tut-ankh-Amen" and of the subway and of the elevated and of Yucatan. Why not include the answer of Jerusalem and Hebron and Patmos and Nazareth and Bethlehem? If Tennessee is wrong in excluding evolution from life, why do the critics of Tennessee themselves exclude what is at least as important, evolution?

It is Mr. Traquair who alone of these writers comes to close quarters with the religion which, after all, is the religion of the United States. His theory is at least stimulating. Broadly he argues that India, by suppressing women, attains to mysticism, while America, by liberating women, has become materialist. The one religion founded by a woman is, he says, Christian Science; and that is "practical." And "the only organizations in America which retain any trace of mysticism are men's organizations—the Roman Catholic Church and the Freemasons." Religion, he thinks, like art, music and science, is thus "a manly virtue."

We can only suggest that Islam, in seeking for a new Caliph, might do worse than apply to McGill University, Montreal, for a loan of Ramsay Traquair's services. On the soul of woman he and Mohammed seem to be of one mind.



A Doorway in India.

Frontispiece for "What Is Civilization?"

About Books, *More or Less:* Nations Right and Wrong

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

Is it, after all, established that as the world grows smaller it grows friendlier? Do multiplying contacts among the nations work for a better understanding? May we expect from airplane and radio any greater contributions to world peace than steam and telegraph placed at our disposal in August, 1914? Hitherto it has been reserved for the epigram makers to suggest that cable and wireless have provided the nations with better facilities for getting on each other's nerves. But now the serious folk, the historians and the sociologists and the publicists are developing doubts.

It is an arresting fact [says Carlton J. H. Hayes in his "Essays on Nationalism" (Macmillan),] that recently during the very period of history in which our schools and armies and newspapers have been inculcating the notion that humanity is dissoluble into little fighting groups of self-contented and self-sufficing nations, a profound economic transformation has been conferring upon all of us the steamship, the steam locomotive, the electric motor, the gasoline engine, the automobile, the telegraph, the telephone, the radio.

The Industrial Revolution has laid the foundations for world citizenship. But as yet the chief result has been an intensified parochial Nationalism.

And yet Professor Hayes should not have found the fact so arresting. this growth in world contacts paralleled by a growth in national localism. Early in his survey of the rise and growth of the Nationalist doctrine—incidentally, a survey rich in pertinent detail, brilliant in sweep, lucid in statement—he reminds us that the way for modern Nationalism was prepared precisely by what might be called an international upheaval involving Europe and part of Asia. That was the fair-sized episode known as the Crusades. An unprecedented number of Europeans were wrenched out of their homes and their frontiers and sent traveling. Their mental horizons widened. They became better acquainted not only with their own lingual or cultural kinsmen, but with alien peoples and alien tongues. And what was the result? Did the Crusaders, and in general the European tourists of the later Middle Ages, come back with broader sympathies as well as with a broader knowledge of foreign tongues, foods and manners? They did not. "They developed a greater pride in their own nationality and a more pronounced rivalry with other nationalities." Upon the countrymen of Richard Coeur de Lion, Godfrey de Bouillon and St. Louis of France, in their wanderings as far as Jerusalem and Egypt, the conviction ultimately dawned that there is no place like home. The nations of modern Europe were the result.

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THE truth that international contacts may produce irritation as easily as sympathy and understanding is exemplified in two other notable instances between the age of Peter the Hermit and the murders at Serajevo. There is the Industrial Revolution and there is the French Revolution. Concerning the former, Professor Hayes would have us remember that the world effects of steam power and the factory system have tended to obscure the more important effects at home within the industrialized nations. We think of the Industrial Revolution as a development which enabled Europe to sell cheap cotton goods to the Hindu and the "heathen Chinee." We think of the steamship and the submarine cable as instruments for bringing Shanghai and Sierra Leone and London closer together. But the principal customers of the English factories were after all Englishmen at home, and the idea of the home market reinforced the idea of the nation. If there were submarine cables to America and Africa, there were, at home, telegraphs and railroads and newspapers, all serving to integrate the home population, to wipe out local differences, and, as we shall see later on, to promote the spread of what Professor Hayes calls the propaganda of Nationalism. As a result of modern invention the national groups have been drawn much more closely together within themselves than toward each other.

In the French Revolution we find another arresting fact. It followed upon an age of enlightenment heavily tinctured with cosmopolitanism. It was ushered in dramatically with a Declaration of the Rights of Man. But events very speedily transformed a crusade for humanity into a crusade for Nationalism, though to be sure democratic Nationalism. As early as 1798 it became the mission of the French crusaders to endow the peoples of Europe with the liberties which Frenchmen had succeeded in winning for themselves. It is not necessary to go into the familiar detail of how the Revolution brought into being the conception and practice of the nation in arms, how it created the semi-religous idea of *la patrie*, how it inaugurated "such Nationalist forms as the national flag, the national anthem and national holidays." The French Revolution forwarded the idea of linguistic uniformity among all the children of *la patrie*, and so introduced the first general scheme of national elementary education. Whether by imitation of France or as a means of combating France, a considerable part of Europe followed the French example. From the French Revolution may be dated Nationalism, a very modern thing, as the author is at pains to remind us repeatedly.

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WHAT—perhaps late in the day—is this new thing called Nationalism? It is not Nationality. That sentiment is a very old thing as describing a sense of group kinship and common interest. It is not Patriotism, as describing the sense of love and loyalty to the inherited soil and inherited traditions. That, too, has always existed. Modern Nationalism, as the author sees it, embodies, concretely, the doctrine that each nationality must constitute a united independent sovereign State. That is the better half. The other half represents the sense of nationality and patriotism inflated and distorted into a self-centred jealous, exclusive religionism:

> Every national State should expect and require of its citizens not only unquestioning obedience and supreme loyalty, not only an exclusive patriotism but also unshakable faith in its surpassing excellence over all other nationalities and lofty pride in its peculiarities and its destiny.

It is fair enough to argue from this definition that Professor Hayes places Nationalism in the same relation to nationality and patriotism as bigotry occupied to religious faith. Against Nationalism in the sense of jingoism the present volume is a polemic, except that we must interpret jingoism in a domestic as well as in an export sense. Nationalism breeds narrowness and intolerance, encourages a dangerous docility among the masses of the population, fosters war and imperialism. Nationalism exacts from its citizenship a crass uniformity expressing itself in a ritual almost ecclesiastical. It breeds shoddy anthropologies and biologies designed to prove the innate superiority of "races." It imperils freedom of thought by employing the educational machinery of the State to inculcate idol worship and war worship.

Professor Hayes avows in his final chapter that he has been concerned almost exclusively with the evil side of Nationalism, though incidentally and by implication he has not obscured the other side. In this concluding chapter he sums up sufficiently the case for the other side. Nationalism as the nurse of cultural values, nationalism as the protector of the human spirit against the lures of a "cosmopolitan materialism," deserves our respect. More than that, he has shown that Nationalism has gone hand-in-hand with democracy and liberty. Who will deny "self-determination" to an oppressed people? But who will overlook the fact that this people, once liberated, will without loss of time employ its self-determination to determine away liberty from somebody else? A very human thing this Nationalism, which has its roots in noble aspirations, and which flowers too often into something not at all attractive.

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IT is a courageous book. Despite the author's very explicit definition of his thesis he is almost inevitably exposed to misunderstanding. One may attack bigotry but not religion, or jingoism but not patriotism, without running very serious risk of being misunderstood, except by those who insist on not understanding. But Nationalism and nationality sound too much alike to escape confusion, despite explicit reservations and distinctions. That chance Professor Hayes has obviously decided to take in order to sound a warning. Merely to write at the head of his concluding chapter, "Nationalism—Curse or Blessing?" is to invite reprisals. To speak of "mitigations" of nationalism is to incur the charge of anti-patriotism. It remains to be seen which of the author's affirmations will be most heavily stressed by his readers, the statement that we should continue to be patriotic citizens of our respective national States, or the statement that "Nationalism is a proud and boastful habit of mind"; the recommendation that we continue to cherish our national language, traditions and ideals, or the assertion that "Nationalism is artificial and far from ennobling, in a word, patriotic snobbery." There is here the making of a fine scrap.

But it is on different grounds that the present reviewer would now start a little private war of his own. The casus belli would be what the reviewer regards as the fault of misplaced emphasis. Professor Hayes, for instance, is too much concerned with propaganda. He has an entire chapter on the Propagation of Nationalism. He is careful to explain that there can be good propaganda and bad, but the impression he leaves us with is that propaganda, as applied to Nationalism, is bad. Yet his own account shows that Nationalism as a doctrine has been usually set going by intellectuals, and put over by the upper classes in society; not, as is commonly asserted, for sordid reasons, but predominantly for the most altruistic and idealistic of reasons, though self-interest may enter to some extent. In this respect, therefore, nationalism would be like a great many other doctrines and beliefs and teachings—like religion, like science, like revolutions in art and thought. The beginning is made by a few, and the new idea is then propagated among the many. All teaching, all preaching, all conversion is propaganda; but because the word has so recently taken on a sinister meaning it has become impossible to use it without conveying a slur.

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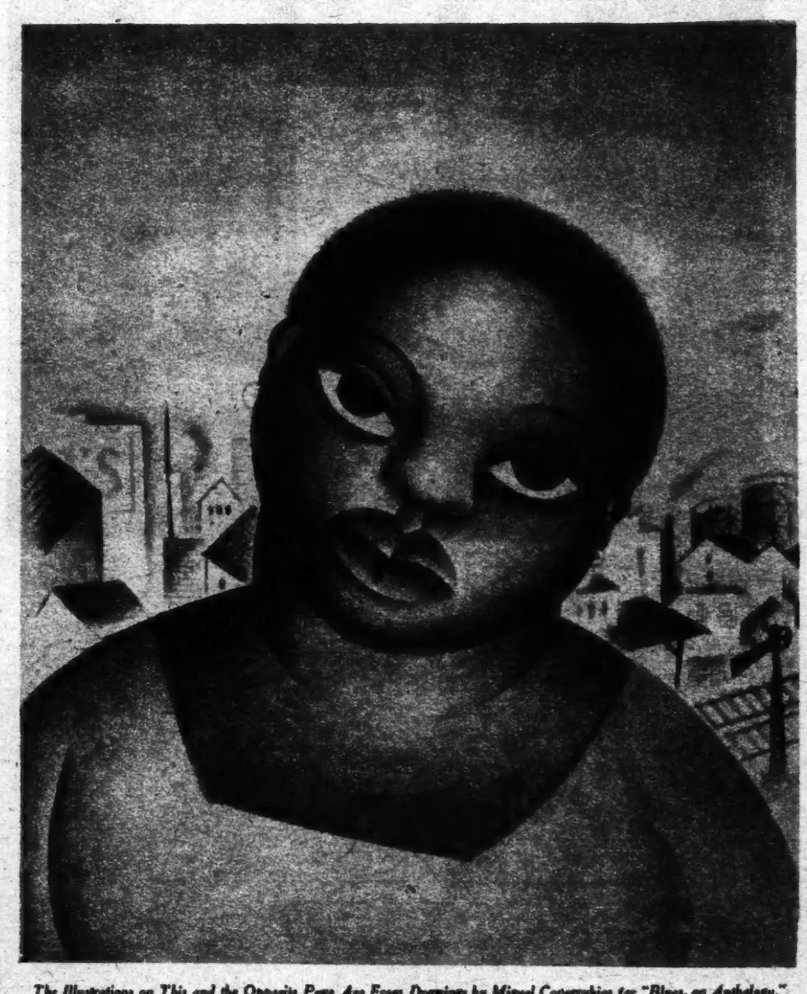
TO this dangerous use of the word the author himself has fallen a victim when he describes Nationalism as an "artificial" thing. Why? He himself has shown, as noted above, that modern Nationalism was enormously stimulated by two such fairly-real things as the Industrial Revolution and the French Revolution. When he says "artificial" he is thinking of jingo journalism, of the Ku Klux, of 100 per cent. pamphleteers and orators and public meeting organizers and resolution-mongers and Big Navy agitators and the like. They play their part; but, after all, how important are they basically? If the Industrial Revolution and the French Revolution had not been, where would be the little regimenters and uniformitarians and shoddy race scientists? It is mistaken emphasis to take the tribe too seriously. The evils of Nationalism may exist, but the pamphleteers and orators are not the original cause.

Similarly, Professor Hayes overemphasizes the religious nature of modern Nationalism in his gloss on "My country, right or wrong, my country." This he interprets as ascribing the qualities of "infallibility or impeccability" to the national State. "We are willing to assail the policies and even the characters of some of our politicians, but we are stopped by the faith that is in us from doubting the Providential guidance of our national State." But why ascribe such a belief to the man who says explicitly, "My country, right *or wrong*." That man plainly is not asserting a truth, but proclaiming a loyalty. He is laying down a rule of conduct. A man will go with his country even when he thinks his country is in the wrong for one or all of several reasons. By going along he qualifies himself some day to redress the wrong. By going along he defers democratically to the majority will and judgment. At bottom, there is the conviction, the unconscious conviction, that in the long run it would be best for all concerned if men acted as members of a national group than if they went off on their own. At any rate, it is imperfect emphasis to attach the same importance to the catchwords of the professional table-thumper and to the slogan that reaches far down into the heart of a man. If there is a religious sense independent of priestly manipulation there may be something of nationalist sense independent of the propagandist.

"LAY MY HEAD RIGHT ON DE RAILROAD TRACK"



The Illustrations on This and the Opposite Page Are From Drawings by Miguel Covarrubias for "Blues, an Anthology," Edited by W. C. Handy.

If Jazz Isn't Music, Why Isn't It?

Mr. Whiteman Gives the Inside Story of the Rise of the Saxophone; an Anthology of "Blues"

JAZZ. By Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. Illustrated. New York: J. H. Sears & Co., Inc.

BLUES: An Anthology. Edited by W. C. Handy. With an Introduction by Abbe Niles. Illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Albert & Charles Boni.

SINCE a jazz ballet has been performed in the Metropolitan Opera House under the official auspices of the high priests of classical musical art in this country, it may be assumed that jazz is already admitted musical art in good standing. But since, also, the world still holds a minority of persons who do not admit jazz as music, and since there continues to exist a wide difference of opinion as to what jazz really is—whether or not it is music—it is extremely interesting and considerably important to have the whole subject of jazz, its origin, development and nature, illuminated by the man who knows most about it.

That person, by general public consent, is Paul Whiteman, who has been called the King of Jazz. Nor does Whiteman, like coy Caesar, put away the proffered crown; he modestly accepts it. Why not? Is he not ruler over many jazz bands wherein hundreds of young men—including graduates of Harvard—play upon twice that many hundreds of musical instruments? Do not tens of thousands of persons, young and middle-aged, and old, male and female, all over the world dance to the wailing of his saxophones and the mighty thumping of the pianos and banjos? Has not the Prince of Wales himself, as the representative of the older royalty, delighted to submit himself to Mr. Whiteman's baton and to honor Mr. Whiteman with his friendship? To do him mere justice, Whiteman accepts the princely patronage and friendship just as simply as he accepts the title of King of Jazz.

The fact is, Whiteman believes in jazz—not only as the blessed architect of his personal fortune, but in itself, as the music of this hemisphere. Courageously he admits that it is as yet more a manner of playing music than a true music in itself. But that is because it is only at the beginning of realizing itself. As he found it raw and wild out in California just before the great war, it was a Bolshevist trick of letting the player of each instrument in a band take all the liberties he pleased with the playing of his part in the piece and trying out what in consequence happened to the piece—and the folk who danced it. The tricks of the Bolsheviki were mainly tricks learned when ragtime was the rage, combined with other tricks borrowed from the crooning melancholy of the negro "blues."

Mr. Whiteman does not precisely say where ragtime came from—but he takes it as American, at least. As to jazz, he thinks it was delivered into the hands of the present generation in New Orleans through an orchestra of street musicians (called Brown's)—subsequently exported to Chicago and exploited there. He counts jazz thoroughly American and says that only Americans can play it. He urges, indeed, that the American player ought to be of the second generation in this country at least, whatever his racial or religious origin. But he writes it down to begin with: "Jazz came to America 300 years ago in chains." So he does not deny the ultimate African background.

Whiteman was born in Denver thirty-six years ago. His father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, was director of musical education in the schools of the Colorado city. His mother sang in oratorio and in choirs. He himself was brought up to be a violinist and at twenty he was playing in symphony orchestras in California. There—on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco—he first met jazz. "It hit me hard," is his record of the encounter.

From that time on, his resolve was to know jazz better, and out of his enlarged knowledge grew the fixed ambition of his life, which may be stated succinctly as "more and better jazz." Curiously, as a starter, he tried playing in a jazz orchestra and got fired for not being jazzy enough. Then he haunted places where jazz orchestras performed—at imminent peril of being thrown out, because he had no money to sit and buy drinks at such resorts, as custom requires. Previously he worked out an orchestration of jazz and then set about getting together musicians to play jazz as he had orchestrated it. They had to be real musicians—for the same reason that circus clowns have to be accomplished acrobats. Getting such musicians together without money was a job—but he was on the eve of accomplishing his desire when the war came along.

Whiteman became a bandmaster in the navy. He admits that he made some experiments with his naval musicians—who could not walk out on him—but he did not get very far. It was not, indeed, until the war was over that he finally got his jazz orchestra together. His first success was in Hollywood, where the movie people—including Charlie Chaplin—took very kindly to his dance music. Then he got transferred to Atlantic City. Then he came to New York. And from New York he went to London, where the Prince of Wales took such particular notice of him.

It was after he came back from London that he undertook the famous all-jazz concert at Aeolian Hall—the concert in which he challenged the critics as guardians of the portals of the temple of the High Gods of Music.

The question was, Does jazz or doesn't it belong? As everybody knows, the critics were divided—but interested. And most of them proved open-minded. As everybody knows also, Paul Whiteman has been a considerable figure in the musical world ever since. He achieved being taken seriously. He got his jazz taken seriously. Because he did, no doubt, John Alden Carpenter was permitted to put on at the Metropolitan Opera last Winter his ballet "Skyscrapers." To be sure, Mr. Carpenter expressly denied that it was a jazz ballet. He said it was, properly speaking, a ballet in which jazz was incorporated into the symphony orchestra which played it.

But the fact is, that, when jazz is incorporated into a symphony orchestra, jazz takes possession. The reason is not far to seek. One alto saxophone is equal in mere sound to sixteen first violins or twelve second violins, and one baritone saxophone is the equivalent of a battery of ten 'cellos. As for the lowly banjo, its noise-power, expressed in terms of other instruments, calls, in Mr. Whiteman's own words, for a "whole load" of pizzicato fiddle stuff.

However, if you really desire to know how a jazz orchestra gives twenty-five men the value of eighty or a hundred, armed in the usual symphonic manner, you must read Mr. Whiteman's book. He explains the entire orthodox disposition of strings, woodwinds, brasses, and drums and traps, and describes the substitutions. He also tells you why derby hats are sometimes worn on trombones and cornets and confides to the fascinated reader that the saxophone can be made to reproduce most nearly the human voice for the man, and the clarinet for the woman. Remember that Mr. Whiteman is one man who invented the orchestration of jazz, and remember also that he gave up being a symphony orchestra player in order to devote himself to the uplift of jazz.

By the way, it is a known fact that in this process of uplifting jazz Whiteman applied his new orchestration to many of the finest works of the classical masters. He was called a vandal for daring to do this thing. Some even went further and named him jackal. That, at least, he says, is not fair. Because the masters are not dead; they are very much alive. And he adds that nobody respects the masters more than he does or personally delights more in hearing them played as written.

On the other hand, he argues, the public has been scared away from the masters these many years by the exclusive airs the musical highbrows surround them with. But if the public meets the masters in a jazz disguise it is not afraid of them. Having met them in this jazz disguise, many a member of the masses learns so to like them that he is ready to take them without disguise. Thus, in uplifting jazz, according to the King of Jazz, the public taste is also being uplifted.

And yet, he acknowledges, here lies a weakness. Jazz is not really legitimately employed in jazzing the masters. If that is all it can accomplish, what its enemies say about it is true. It is not really a new music, only a new way of playing old music. Whiteman is sure, however, that it is a new music. He is confident that the future will prove that it has a content of its own as well as a form of its own. He maintains that this content and this form are the content and the form of American music as it will be. Yet, in the midst of his confidence, he is honest enough to admit that so far the form mainly has developed. He cries out that he wants new music, really new music, to orchestrate in his new American manner.

Having dealt thus fairly with one issue, he tackles another. He takes up the charge that jazz is a vile intoxicant which is poisoning the lives of this generation and corrupting our oncoming youth. The decriers of jazz proclaim that it makes those who listen to it (and especially those who dance to it) drunk. So it does, answers Whiteman; jazz does make the listener drunk; it makes him alive, awakens all his faculties, stimulates him. But it is a good drunkenness, not a bad drunkenness. There are both kinds. Else how excuse esthetical and spiritual exaltations? There are intoxicants that leave a hang-over and those which do not. Jazz does not leave a hang-over. Therefore, declares Whiteman, it is a poison good for both body and soul.

As to this, one may leave Mr. Whiteman to fight it out with the religionists, the moralists, the prohibitionists by constitutional amendment or otherwise. His book shows how abundantly able he is to take charge of his own case. He needs, certainly, no other assistance than that which he handsomely acknowledges on the title page to his collaborator, Mary Margaret McBride. Whatever your personal views on jazz, whether you believe it is a part of the new gospel of light or the canker that is eating the white out of music, robbing mirthful motion of its grace of beauty, and undermining society's manners and morals—whatever you think about it before you begin to read, you ought to find it worth reading—and worth thinking about. For Mr. Whiteman speaks from knowledge, he speaks with candor, and with as much modesty as proper confidence.

The other book named at the head of this article lays in more background for Mr. Whiteman's argument. It is less easy to write about from the lay commentator's angle, because it is a compilation of the words and music of the negro songs called "blues." The compiler is a negro musician who is a collector and publisher of such things, W. C. Handy. He begins with the original words and melodies as they have been picked up among the blacks along the Mississippi River. Memphis is credited with launching the "blues" upon us, as New Orleans released the jazz. Originally three lines, the second usually the mere repetition of the first, sufficed to supply the verbal text of the form. As thus:

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
'Cause my baby she won't take me back.

Then it is admissible to carry on like this:

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
If de train come 'long I'se gwine to snatch it back.

Thus the elements of tragedy and humor are combined. The "blues" embrace both. More elaborate words follow which are artificially contrived blues. To match them are interesting drawings done by Mr. Covarrubias. These are highly modernistic renderings of dance types, scenes and groups as they may be studied in the negro cabarets in Harlem.

When Greek Meets Babbitt

THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS. By Edgar L. Heermance. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND THE EVOLUTION OF STANDARDS IN BUSINESS. By George M. Calhoun. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

MR. HEERMANCE is accepted by a very large circle of readers as an authority on business ethics, and in his recently issued book he maintains his popularity. He has made the subject his own, and his clear enunciations, delivered in terse staccato style, have an axiomatic force that delights the reader. He deals with the ethics which prevail today in American commercial relations with an enthusiasm which we hope most fervently is not misplaced. Rotarian organizations, Chambers of Commerce and Kiwanis are united in their determination to support nothing which is not exactly honest. Diogenes would have no trouble in these days. His difficulty would be to find a merchant whose standards do not line up with the sweetest conceptions of purity. Whatever chicane may have been resorted to in the past has given way to an intense desire on the part of merchants to sell nothing which will not stand the test of critical examination. Indeed, Mr. Heermance tells us that the merchant is probably much more honest than his patrons.

In "Fair Competition" Mr. Heermance deals with the methods by which manufacturers combine to prevent dishonesty in representation and with the underhanded practices of competing firms, the latter presumably having given way to nobler impulses. He quotes the policy of one organization which lays down the principle that intensive competition for business established by a member of that organization should be discouraged, as it has a tendency to tear down what another has built up. Selling below cost is regarded as a sin, and offering of premiums bad business ethics. There are also chapters on good-will, advertising and better business with the story of the development of truth in advertising, on commercial honesty, credit and contracts, professional ethics, business as a public service, fair profits, Christianity and business and other subjects in which the pre-eminent desirability of upright dealing is impressed upon those for whom the book is written. It may be said of Mr. Heermance that he is no theoristic dreamer or idealist: indeed, he is a practical teacher of the truth, and he demonstrates most clearly, with perhaps a shining background of optimism, that the reign of fraud and misrepresentation has passed and that we are living and working today in the silvery presence of truth.

In Mr. Calhoun's pronouncement we have also unfolded to us a beautiful scheme of men's virtues. He announces that business men have seen a "great light," a "miraculous act of grace," which "will lead us in a short time into a commercial millennium." And the ancient Greeks are really to be credited with this splendid finale. The commercial law of England, on which America bases her practice, was derived from the "communities that dominated Mediterranean trade in the Middle Ages." These communities gave it to the Romans, who got it from the Greeks, who were "the pupils of their Eastern neighbors." It is quite true that we have neglected our debts to the ancients and we thank Mr. Calhoun for awakening us to the duty of rendering to Athens what is due to her enterprising citizens. The "city of the violet crown" had her rotary clubs and an evil-smelling retail market, and around Laurium the air was thick with fumes from "innumerable smelters." And the Greeks had, in the persons of Hegestratus and Xenothemis, astute get-rich-quick men, and Athenogenes, who victimised rustic "suckers," was probably the ancestor of the wily gentleman who sell us bananas in this year of grace. In spite of all this, however, the Greek were a fine people, gifted with noble instincts, encouraging trade and industry and setting the pace "which was to end in the first democracy the world has ever seen."

Mr. Calhoun delivered the contents of this book, "The Ancient Greeks and the Evolution of Standards in Business," as a lecture to university students, and he is to be congratulated on his resolve to give the world the benefit of his researches and conclusions. It may not be quite news that Greeks behaved decently in the conduct of business affairs, but Mr. Calhoun is quite justified in emphasizing the fact in these days of cynicism and doubt, and Greek restaurateurs, Virgil, it may be remembered, had his own private opinion about Greeks; but Virgil was a poet, and poets are likely to be prejudiced.

Thinking: An Art

Mr. Wallas Makes Some Concrete Proposals

THE ART OF THOUGHT. By Graham Wallas. 314 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.75.

By EVANS CLARK

L'Economie Politique.

L. Boilly.

TO an Olympian observer of the human race one anomaly would surely bulk large among all the strange anomalies of contemporary life: that mankind, especially in these superefficient United States, should rear vast universities and laboratories, recruit corps of learned men and publish books by the hundred thousand to teach the young a multitude of practical arts—engineering, medicine, chemistry, farming; but should have utterly neglected the art in which all others must have their roots and from which they all must draw the sap of life—the art of thinking. Who ever heard of a college course in the theory and practice of productive thought: a course in which the students were initiated into what is now a mystery, even to those who indulge in it with the most success—how the human mind does its work and under what conditions the best performance may be induced? And yet the students at the engineering school put months of grueling effort into learning how the dynamo runs and the way to make it most effective; and years of patient research go to produce a slightly more efficient radio receiver.

Even stranger: man has evolved a science which concerns itself with the human mind, but that very science has been so intent upon theory that it has forgotten practice, so engrossed with describing the process that it has neglected to discover the ways by which the process can be improved. A knowledge of contemporary psychology is certainly a poor preparation for the practice of creative thought.

This anomaly and how it may be resolved is the subject of Graham Wallas's latest book. "A young thinker," he explains, "who should today submissively study the current text-books of psychology would be as little likely to improve his work as would have been a young apprentice cook at the Reform Club in 1851, if he had absorbed all Baron Liebig's 'Organic Chemistry.'" And he quotes a leading psychologist to clinch his argument. Professor Pillsbury in his "Fundamentals of Psychology" admits that "no rules can be formulated for making the unfertile brain fertile, nor for the better use of the fertile brain."

Mr. Wallas does not concern himself with the task of fertilizing the unfertile brain—in fact, he believes that a disproportionate amount of time and effort has been spent by educators in trying to do that very thing; but he is fired by the conviction that those people who are equipped with normal brains can vastly improve the technique of their use, if only they knew how.

On the face of it, Mr. Wallas's book might seem like a correspondence course in "Personality," "Power Through Self-Development," or some other quack's short cut to the elysian fields of success. But that is only because the scientists have left the art of thinking to the tender mercy of the medicine men, so now any book on the subject is linked with them in an almost automatic train of thought.

But those who know Mr. Wallas's earlier work will find what they might expect in this book: a scholarly and painstaking yet stimulating and unconventional piece of work. Mr. Wallas has an essentially humanizing turn of mind and a potent way of expressing himself that make his writing both rich in color and emotionally stirring. His latest book is in the Wallas tradition. His "Human Nature in Politics" did much to galvanize the inert abstractions of political theory with the current of common impulse and inner motivation. His "Art of Thought" impregnates psychology with the concerns of human living: he may violate the purity of a very "pure" science, but he does so to make it more fruitful for mankind.

In this book Mr. Wallas does not attempt to formulate any definite way of life for the thinker, to lay down concrete rules for the effective use of the mind. He is concerned primarily with raising the issue of thought as an art against psychology as a science. He first points out where he believes current conceptions of academic psychology have made it sterile as an aid to thought. Then he discusses the processes of thought as they occur in practical life: at what point they may be influenced by conscious effort in the direction of a more satisfactory output, how they differ between nations and races, and the dangers of certain habits of mind. And finally he comes to grips with the problem of how the art of thought may best be developed and taught to the young.

Mr. Wallas is not at his best in his attempts to meet the academic psychologists on their own ground. He makes serious objection to the conceptions which MacDougall and others have formulated of the mind as a mechanism driven by the force of impulse or emotion, and of the attempts of Loeb and Watson to explain the entire range of human behavior in terms of physical cause and effect. He argues for the "hormonic" conception of the human organism as "an imperfectly integrated combination of living elements, each of which retains some initiative of his own, while cooperating with the rest to secure the good of the whole organism:" a poor straddle between the purely objective technique of the Loeb-Watson school and the essentially subjective method of the psychoanalyst. It violates the essential validity of each to the satisfaction of neither.

Mr. Wallas is much more in his element when he rests his case on purely empirical grounds. After all, the art of thought can be developed, like the art of cooking, entirely by personal experience, docketed for future reference. Perhaps, pending the solution of the ultimate problems which psychologists debate, it will have to come that way. At any rate, Mr. Wallas has made a fascinating collection of such experiences as an indication of how it might be done.

He has made it a point to ask his friends pointblank how they do their thinking, under what circumstances they produce their best intellectual output; and he has combed literature for the occasional self-revelations of psychological methods which it contains. Helmholtz, the great German physicist, for example, said that his most important new ideas "came particularly readily during the slow ascent of wooded hills on a sunny day"; and Herbert Spencer told George Eliot that his method of thinking "did not involve that concentrated effort which is commonly accompanied by a wrinkling of the brows. It has never been my way to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer." John Stuart Mill, on the other hand, attributed his mental production to a habit of "never accepting half-solutions of difficulties as complete; never abandoning a puzzle, but again and again returning to it until it was cleared up"; and the poet Shelley wrote to Godwin of the "agony and bloody sweat of intellectual travail."

Mr. Wallas's chapter on Thought and Emotion is full of personal confessions that shed light on some of the inner springs of human action. He tells of asking the "best administrator" he knew how he formed his decisions, and of his friend's answer—given "with an air of letting out for the first time a guilty secret"—"Oh, I always decide by feeling; so and so always decides by calculation, and that is no good." And again the American Judge who is "widely admired for his skill and impartiality" who said that "he should be stoned in the street if it were known that, after listening to all the evidence and following as carefully as he could all the arguments, he waited until he 'felt' one way or the other and then handed down his 'decision.'"

Distinct and different types of thought, Mr. Wallas points out, are often characteristic of nations, professions and other groups of men. He speaks of the British tradition of "muddling through" and quotes a Lord Shelbourne's proud admission of the "glorious incapacity for clear thought which is one of the distinguishing marks of the race," as well as Austen Chamberlain's famous remark which brought a cheer in the House of Commons last year: "I profoundly distrust logic when applied to politics, and all English history justifies me." Against the British method of feeling their way along Mr. Wallas sets the classic, logical and mathematical character of typical French thinking—schematic, consistent, highly intellectual.

The differences are not due, he thinks, to racial biology but to "a difference of intellectual tradition, transmitted partly by education and partly by political catchwords and legal institutions"; and looks forward to the day when "an art of thought may prevail—perhaps after the horrors of another Thirty Years' War—in which the psychological truths implied in both types of thinking may be recognized and combined and the errors of both may be in some measure avoided." Mr. Wallas sometimes believes that the United States will produce that sort of fusion and speaks of certain Americans he has known, among them William James, who "attained a high simplicity of mind, an accessibility to the feelings of kindness and humor, an amused humility in watching their own mental processes, an absence of the rigidity either of class or profession or nation." But he is discouraged by the dominance of the "pioneer mind" in this country to which, he quotes Dr. Frank Crane as saying, "every question is primarily a moral question," and the great purpose of life is "achievement."

Louis Golding Takes a Sun-Bath

SICILIAN NOON. By Louis Golding. 227 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LOUIS GOLDING has again blended the forms of essay, journal and novel narrative, in "Sicilian Noon," and produced an account of his adventuring abroad quite as unique and glowing as his former "Sunward." He has wandered through Sicily on foot, straying from the general traffic, where his arrested observation has found colorful life and exotic traces and objects of old vanished civilizations. The influences of the Greeks and Arabs still brood and subtly dominate their ancient colonies. His own curiosity and daring sense of beauty find in this medley of old and new civilizations the elements of eternal drama. He is a poet who has chosen the medium of prose. He is a poet with more than lyrical contact—his sensuous, tapestried prose is diverted with an appreciation of the absurd—to be so frequently met in new countries and people—and the spirit of a lively humor.

"Sicilian Noon" is full of fascinating characters, episodes of human interest, the peculiarities of race met in traveling and a wide acquaintance with classical antiquity. In the presentation of the pastoral and idyllic he has mingled a ready wit and much that is unconventional and of fine perception. For in Cefalu he found the people so steeped in tradition that tradition was molding the present into the past. Homer and the soaring walls of the cathedral frowned upon their modernity. The spell of the cathedral is such that it moves him to the expression of a Pirandellian incident, in which the human "body is so insubstantial a thing that the daubed simulacrum of an earlier age may impose so grossly upon it as to convert it into a spectre even at the moment of its plainest carnal conduct, eating, laughing." He observed that the children felt this unconsciously and shouted and talked in shriller voices than elsewhere to escape this domination.

Palermo held mysterious danger. He was warned that the cab drivers were worse than those of Naples. The Camorra of Naples was a gentle organization compared to the Mafia of Sicily. Visiting the marionettes was no fit amusement for a gentleman. His inquiries concerned them seem to mark him in the eyes of the natives as a suspicious person. Implication announced the haunt of the marionettes as a dreadful and dangerous place. His porter at the hotel warned him against going. Being adventurous, he sought out this low-life place and found it patronized by old men and boys with all the slaughter suggested confined to the puppets. Furthermore, the baroque theatre of the dumb show was owned by Achille Greco, a friend and admirer of Henry Festing Jones, the biographer of Samuel Butler.

In his travels Mr. Golding came upon the reactions to the visits of other literary men. Maurice Maeterlinck had rushed across Sicily in a motor and recorded his impressions. He had found much that was sordid and crass. Mr. Golding was taken for Maeterlinck. In Calatafimi he denied and rebuked Maeterlinck's comment, which had moved the local press to violent rebuttal, and had his hotel bill cut in half for his defense of the community by a genial tavern owner. But Sicily has been ill-used by others than the sketchy misimpressions of M. Maeterlinck. D. H. Lawrence has looked upon it with sour eyes, because at Trapini he couldn't get the beefsteak he desired. Mr. Golding defends Trapini against the Lawrence charge of being dirty. He says that Lawrence lost his temper, while there only a few hours, and dealt with this ancient town in the manner of a "dyspeptic Colonel."

A passage from Golding's description of the summit of Monte Varvaro at Segesta will present an excellent sample of his melodious and modulated prose, reflecting beauty and ideas:

> From the ascent to the theatre upon the summit of Monte Varvaro, which was the seat of the ancient Greek city, the temple looked hollow and fragile, like the abandoned plaything of children who gave up playing and grew up and died thousands of years ago—a sort of Apollo's Ark. The noon, breathless, older than dawn or dusk, the essential circumstance of this sun and sky and sea, made the temple a thing of no centuries at all. It seemed no older than a shack in a mining town in Texas. . . . Greece and Sicily were old enough. Sicilian noon was older, confounding all subsequent time. The bald German stretched out in Segesta on the cross made out of shadow would rise again in Texas, with ivy berries and thorns upon his brow, a Dionysus from Oberammergau. . . .

"Sicilian Noon" is the saturated background of old and new, burning with brilliant color and rich with legends of miracles and local saints. It is a stimulating account of old faiths. It has the human interest of a shrewd and learned traveler. It provides entertainment that is rare, speculative and fabulous. It is a book of enchantment.

What the Fuggers Knew of Queen Elizabeth

"Gloriana" and English Politics Dominate the Second Instalment of "News-Letters"

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS. Second Series. Being a further selection from the Fugger papers specially referring to Queen Elizabeth and matters relating to England during the years 1568-1605, here published for the first time. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Translated by L. S. R. Byrne. With forty-six illustrations. 358 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

By RUPERT LAYARD

THE success which attended the issue of the first volume of news-letters sent by their correspondents to the powerful house of Fugger in Augsburg has induced the publishers to present a further volume limited to the years 1568-1605. Everything in this issue centres upon "this Queen"—Elizabeth—without clearing up our long-standing speculations upon her life, her policy or her ability. The Fugger correspondents could not be said to have access to any special sources of information or to be unduly well informed, but the value of their news lies in the obligation, by virtue of their purpose, to present a truthful picture of the conditions and happenings in each town in order that their employers may conduct their financial operations in harmony with the existing conditions. The Fuggers were stanch Catholics, and the brevity of the correspondence from London may be due to the fact that their agents were subject to surveillance. Scandal was demanded from their letters as little as it would be sought in the column of Wall Street transactions. The letters may not furnish valuable new material for the historian, but their principal attraction lies in the honest effort of the correspondent to keep the head office conversant with current events in their bearing upon its business, thereby striving for an accuracy otherwise lacking in contemporary records. Accuracy, one might say, was an essential condition of his employment.

The correspondent displays his religious convictions and yearnings in many letters, but never permits his personal likings to prevent him stating the truth as he sees or hears it.

The sixteenth century never fails to attract. The old narrative of the religious struggles in Europe terminating in the success of the Reformed religion in England, Scotland, Germany and the Netherlands loses nothing of its fascination when read and studied from the commercial angle. Indeed, at the close of the sixteenth century, with Henry of Navarre firmly seated on the throne of France, it seemed likely that the Reformation would more than maintain itself, would ultimately obtain the ascendency. France was the determining factor, and France in the seventeenth century tipped the scale against the Protestants. The knife of Ravaillac cut deeper than he dreamed of and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes completed the operation. The religious alignments of Western Europe have changed little, outwardly, in the succeeding centuries.

One factor, the importance of which would have been unsuspected, is the part played by Turkey in the intrigues of the time. Francis I never failed to play off the Grand Turk against the Emperor, and Elizabeth seems to have made excellent use of this ally against Philip II. Time and again the Turkish galleys, inspired more perhaps by hostility to the Pope than Philip, take the seas against the Spanish ships. With Drake and Hawkins to contend with in the New World, and the Turk in the Mediterranean, Felipe Segundo seems to have had a "mean" time.

Queen Elizabeth.

Scandal, as we have said, was not desired, but it creeps in from time to time. From London, on April 29, 1581, the Earl of Oxford of his day proves himself a real Elizabethan. The Earl, we are told, was arrested in connection with the Norfolk conspiracy, but soon set at liberty. The narrative proceeds:

> The Earl • • • is again in the Tower for forgetting himself with one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, who is in the Tower likewise. This in spite of his having a pretty wife, daughter of the Treasurer. But he will not live with her.

Here are the makings of a pretty romantic novel: The gadabout Earl, the naughty minx—a Maid of "Honour" forsooth!—(was not Elizabeth's mother and her successful rival, Jane Seymour, of the same profession?)—Elizabeth may be pardoned a certain impatience of the breed—the injured wife, pretty we learn, and daughter of the Treasurer, what more could an Elizabethan even demand, but "he will not live with her." We like the even-handed justice which sent both offenders to the Tower. The founder of Virginia was to find his way there shortly afterward, for the first time. His offense, if we recollect aright, lay in marriage, but his wife was not allowed to accompany him. It does not seem quite fair, anyway. It is a far cry to the present day. The Tower of London stands where it did, and England once again can boast an Earl (and Countess) of Oxford. A new creation, it is true, but we fear the old Elizabethan spirit can never be recaptured nor do we think those hardy warriors would quite have approved of the "Souls."

Unfortunately, we lack the end of the story. We wonder if the Tower was a fitting punishment for this kind of moral turpitude, or if the sting of Elizabeth's sentence lies in the reference to the Maid of Honour "who is in the Tower likewise." Perhaps Elizabeth thought with Kipling:

Make him take her an' keep her.
It's hell for them both.

Anyhow, it seemed a better remedy than months of expensive divorce proceedings.

The Cologne correspondent seems a rather credulous young man. On Sept. 15, 1596, he writes of the Earl of Leicester's army, which comprised 1,500 Irishmen:

> These Irishmen are almost all naked and have their bows and arrows with them. They are very quick runners, and there are also some hundreds of them who go on stilts the height of a man. They are to walk through the moats surrounding the towns and climb the walls.

This seems another injustice to a noble race. It must have been painful enough to fight "almost naked," but "on stilts" the height of a man, it seems too much to ask even from a Sinn Feiner. We know that armor was plentiful enough in that century, and the explanation of this ostentatious nudity escapes us. As usual we fly to Kipling and wonder if these news-letters could have been a source book for the story of the "Taking of Lungtungpen." We like to think Mulvaney's ancestors took part in this scrap, and we bow to them reverently across the centuries.

G. K. Chesterton Discovers William Cobbett

WILLIAM COBBETT. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

AS one who was too conservative for the Tories and too radical for the Whigs of England 100 years ago, Mr. Chesterton finds William Cobbett a man after his own heart. It is Mr. Chesterton's very congenial task to show that this strange Surrey farmer (and, for two years, Long Island farmer) was a thoroughly consistent patriot and prophet—a patriot in that he did really love the old "Merrie England" and a prophet in that he saw what the great industrial revolution, then in full swing in England, was leading to.

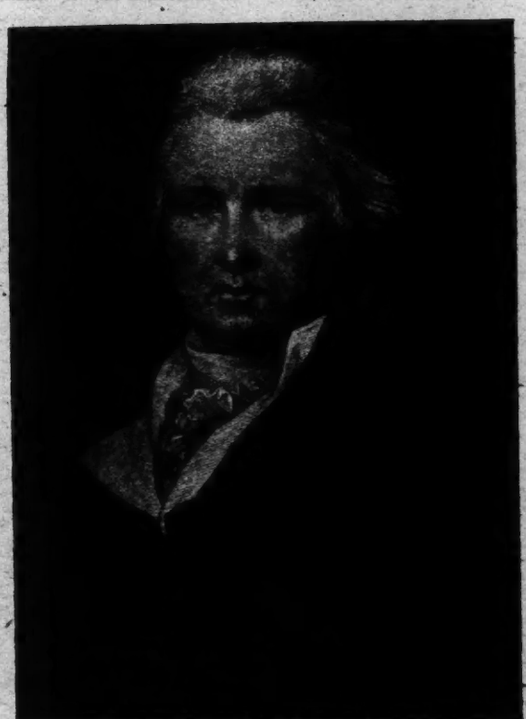
Cobbett "blindly and instinctively" looked upon the future and saw what no one else saw.

> I mean [Mr. Chesterton says] that if you had gone to Jefferson at the moment when he was writing the Declaration of Independence and shown him the exact picture of an oil trust and its present position in America he would have said, "It is not to be believed." If you had gone to Cobbett and shown him the same thing, he would have said, like the bearded old gentleman in the rhyme, "It is just as I feared."

In the most delightful, typically Chestertonian, section of this "intimate biography," Cobbett, "the amateur historian," is seen learning his history not from books but through his eyes on his rides along the English countryside. He saw that England had been and was then in part a land of small villages and small houses. He saw towering above the village the church, so large that often the whole village might have found shelter in its porch. He saw Gothic ruins of older churches and in every district eighteenth century country houses of the squires. He saw the swelling towns creeping over the countryside and the smoke hanging darkly over the fields and valleys. He sensed the change working in the whole country and furiously resented it.

Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," published in 1824, is interesting not so much as history as an example of his controversial style. As explained by Mr. Chesterton:

> He was simply a man who had discovered a crime: ancient like many crimes; concealed like all crimes. He was as one who had found in a dark wood the bones of his mother, and suddenly knew she had been murdered. He knew now that England had been secretly slain. Some, he would say, might think it a matter of mild regret to be expressed in murmurs. But when he found the corpse he gave a shout; and if fools laughed at any one shouting he would shout the more, till the world should be shaken by that terrible cry in the night.



William Cobbett.

But the best of Cobbett is not in his history, nor in the many volumes of his famous Register, but in the "Rural Rides." There appears what Chesterton calls the combination "of the deepest English humors and the love and understanding of England with this quality which is rare in England, the aggressive and challenging quality." It is doubtless to this book that the revival of interest in Cobbett will direct attention. Here London figures always as "The Wen" and Old Sarum wins its melancholy fame as the "Accursed Hill." The work for Mr. Chesterton has something of the quality of a knockout farce or pantomime.

If Cobbett's life had been less stormy his literary work would doubtless have enjoyed a greater fame. He has, of course, a peculiar interest for Americans because of his two visits to this country and the part he took here in the violent political feuds of the 1790s. In a sense he was the forerunner of those English visitors who have lectured and lectured to America since his day. Like Mr. Chesterton himself, Cobbett could never be at home in America, though on his second visit, in 1817, when he spent two years on a farm near North Hempstead, L. I., he became much more a friend of "The States." In any case, it has been the custom of American history to treat Cobbett very slightingly. Any one who is at all impressed by Mr. Chesterton's book will hasten to revise any slighting view of him. His American adventures will appear as minor episodes in a heroic and almost solitary struggle against both the extremes of modern social and political thinking. He will stand out as the champion of a much older social philosophy and he will be linked across the ages with medieval peasants, guild workmen, cathedral builders and abbots on ambling pads.

ACIDULOUS ADVICE TO A BUDDING BOOK-BUTCHER

Ambrose Bierce Remarked to an Amateur Critic: "If It Scares You to Read That One Imaginary Person Killed Another, Why Not Take Up Knitting Instead of Reading?"

Mr. Hemingway Writes Some High-Spirited Nonsense

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING: A Romantic Novel in Honor of the Passing of a Great Race. By Ernest Hemingway. 143 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE "great race" whose passing is celebrated in "The Torrents of Spring" may be guessed from the names of the protagonists: Yogi Johnson and Scripps O'Neil. The obbligato which accompanies their transition is indicated by Ernest Heminway's heading for one of his sections: "Red and Black Laughter." Scripps passes from Mancelona to Petoskey, leaving a wife in the one place to acquire another in the second. Strange and beautiful things pass through the plastic, almost untouched, mind of Scripps. It was strange about the mind of Scripps. Some would call it a naïve mind. Others would call it a "dumb" mind. A few might be so bold as to call it no mind at all. Yet it cannot be doubted that this throbbing mind, full of questions, is the mind of an inarticulate and voiceless and much distressed people. At least it is the mind of Scripps O'Neil, whose mother was an Italian woman, from that strange and beautiful country, the North of Italy, not the South. Scripps's father was from the South, and had his house burned down by General Sherman, on the justly famous March to the Sea.

Scripps has a wholesome admiration for those who "know a thing or two." Yogi Johnson knows a thing or two. Yogi went through the war and spent a strange and beautiful fortnight in Paris, where something happened to him that he thought was beautiful and strange. Afterward he decided it was not so good, and it turned him against all the other women, too. Now, when Spring comes, Yogi does not know what to do. He can look at a woman and say to himself that's a woman, and then he says, rather roughly to himself, well what of it?

Questions come pounding through the mind of Scripps. He is very seldom answered, because he infrequently is able to summon the courage to address his inquiries to any ear. It is to be doubted if there is any answer. Mr. Hemingway has possibly been unwise in unloosing, through Scripps, the overwhelming and soul-searching questions which strike at the very foundation of all accepted knowledge and belief. What good does it serve to picture the bewildered Scripps in a snowstorm before the railroad station at Petoskey, Mich., as surely many of us have stood, if the unhappy Scripps, for whom let us substitute the reader or any of our friends, is merely to look at the sky and think is that really the sky, is only to feel the warm chinook wind and think is this actually the warm chinook wind and is Hutchinson right in saying that Spring is "not far behind," and is to look at the signboard reading "Petoskey, Michigan," and ask himself does that signboard read "Petoskey, Michigan," and, if so, can this be Petoskey, Mich.? Surely there is enough sin and sorrow and suffering in this world without adding to it. If Mr. Hemingway could so powerfully visualize the difficulties of Scripps, he ought to have pointed a way out for Scripps and for the rest of us misguided, stumbling, heartsick mortals. Instead, he adds to Scripps's torture.

A man was inside the station, tapping something back of a wicketed window. He looked out at Scripps. Could he be a telegrapher?. Something told Scripps that he was.

He stepped out of the snowdrift and approached the window. Behind the window the man worked busily away at his telegrapher's key.

"Are you a telegrapher!" asked Scripps.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I'm a telegrapher."

"How wonderful!"

* * * * *

Scripps was at a loss. What sort of chap was this telegrapher? What sort of men went in for telegraphy? Were they like composers? Were they like artists? Were they like writers? Were they like the advertising men who write the ads in our national weeklies? Or were they like Europeans, drawn and wasted by the war, their best years behind them? Could he tell this telegrapher the whole story? Would he understand?

Scripps passes on into the town of Petoskey. To the sound of Indian warwhoops there is added the laughter of the negro cook at Brown's Beanery, "Best by Test," when Scripps and the elderly waitress left the place to be married. Poor Diana attracts Scripps by her romantic history, her glamour from her girlhood home around the Lakes of Wordsworth's England. It is possible for him (Scripps) to imagine himself walking with Wordsworth and picking daffodils and looking at a primrose by a river's brim trying to guess what it is. Diana tries to hold Scripps by subscribing to The Bookman, the Saturday Review of Literature, the American Mercury, the overseas edition of The Manchester Guardian and The New York Times Book Review, but quite in vain. Mandy, the other waitress at the beanery, knows all Ford Madox Ford's repertory of literary anecdotes, and her conversation thereby is made irresistible to the infatuated Scripps.

Yogi is working at the pump factory, where Scripps gets a job. Two old, old men are still making pumps by hand, and those are the real pumps. They are the pumps which are entered in the international pump races. But it is not the pumps which concern Yogi. It is the Indians. Who are these Indians? Why do they give warwhoops when the chinook blows? Who knows? Who cares? At all events, Yogi goes out into the night, in the general direction taken by an Indian squaw, who is wearing a pair of moccasins and a papoose. Perhaps Yogi will find out why the Indians give warwhoops. Mr. Hemingway does not say.

Between some of the chapters, Mr. Hemingway very engagingly takes the reader into his confidence. If the story is unsatisfactory, he is prepared to have it changed according to the reader's wishes. He is very grateful to the reader, and offers to reciprocate the favor by going over any of the reader's efforts, if the reader catches him, Mr. Hemingway, first. This gives a "clubby," personal flavor to the austere, soul-searching matters which Mr. Hemingway has been presenting.

The delightful entertainment of "The Torrents of Spring," if not precisely what might have been expected of the author of "In Our Time," is full-blooded comedy, with a sting of satire at the expense of certain literary affectations. The object of Mr. Hemingway's gravely absurd travesty is somewhat on the side of the advanced intellectual position. The subtle incongruity which he establishes in the character of Scripps and Scripps's banal introspections is almost too keenly edged. It is, therefore, a somewhat specialised satire. It is almost in the nature of a literary vandeville, which will appeal mainly to Mr. Hemingway's fellow-craftsmen. He is not parodying merely a manner but a philosophy and an attitude, a fundamental approach, as well. That calls for a degree of initiation and sophistication in his reader that may not always be available.

"The Torrents of Spring" reveals Mr. Hemingway's gift for high-spirited nonsense. Whatever its effect on literary foibles, it contributes to that thoughtful gayety which true wit should inspire. While he ridicules certain extravagances by pushing them to the logical conclusion, Mr. Hemingway obviously entertains a robust respect for the object of his allusive gibes. In the last analysis, the book sets out to amuse. This it does.

FAMILIAR FACES

THE VALLEY OF THE STARS. By Charles Alden Seltzer. 320 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.

"THE VALLEY OF THE STARS" will greet many readers like an old friend, in spite of the fact that it has just come off the press. For the book is one long series of old friends in familiar settings.

First there is the heroine, Edna Pendleton, the proud but true-blue Eastern girl, who alights from a Pullman in the heart of the West, to gaze upon "squat, ugly frame shanties" and a "baked and shriveled land." She is an old acquaintance.

And the hero, Nevins, silent, dead honest and skilled in the art of handling a six-shooter—what reader of English in America has not met him?

We continue to call the roll—Indians off their reservation on a raiding expedition, an unscrupulous man hiding beneath the cloak of a court Judge, his tools, Trampases of the Wild West; the soldiers from the fort, ranch houses and purple hills, and even the tenderfoot gentleman from the East, who despises the hero and learns better, showing that Easterners can be made of the right stuff after all. They are all there in "The Valley of the Stars," friends, boredoms or puppets, as you please. The tenderfoot is in this case a lawyer, who accompanies Edna into the West, where she is to lawfully receive her share in a ranch partly owned by Nevins.

She and Nevins arouse each other's antagonism from the start. It is the sort of romance plot which makes a man and woman love each other by first making them hate each other—a good type for a Western story. Charles Seltzer is an old hand at the Western novel, and he knows how to go about the job. Nevins guides Edna and the lawyer to the Circle Dot Ranch, but not without a skirmish with Indians. The unscrupulous Judge, Travis, has put into action a scheme to get possession of three of the surrounding ranches, including the Circle Dot. To get the Circle Dot he first attempts to have Nevins killed. Failing in that, he "frames" Nevins by making it appear that the latter had murdered a near-by rancher.

He is finally trapped by his own treachery. Nevins, wounded by a bullet, is nursed back to health by Edna in a little haven of refuge which gives the story its name. And when Nevins is well he swoops down upon Travis and all his tribe and obliterates them with the aid of the Sheriff, who Travis had made Nevins believe had become his enemy.

YOUTH'S ADVENTURE

GRANITE. By Thomas Quinn. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.

THE title of this book has misleading implications, for neither the plot nor the characters have the strength or the firmness of granite. Rather, they have the softness and the variability of shifting sands; the protagonist has no particular power of personality, and the theme is neither weaker nor more forceful than that of a majority of the novels of the day. There is here no broad and deep-ranging insight, no wrestling with life at its source in the bedrock; there is only the same hackneyed story that we have heard a thousand times before and will hear a thousand times again, the story of a youth's adventures along the sometimes difficult and sometimes alluring and perfumed corridors of sex.

And that story is not made distinctive by any mastery of style or any originality of idea. It is merely the tale of a college youth, his amorous gropings and defeats, his philanderings and rioting, and his ultimate success in finding the ideal girl for whom he has been seeking. Into the life of Graham Foster, the hero, there come successively three girls who stand out from amid the multitude he meets at dances and entertainments — first Elaine, with whom he can hold no serious discussion, and with whom he never goes beyond the stage of boy-and-girl embraces; next Constance, who is in love with him and for whom he tries vainly to feel a reciprocal devotion; and finally Sheila, whom he recognizes at a glance as the girl he wants to marry and with whom he is as successful as he could have hoped. And because of the happy fruition of their romance, the author draws the slightly irrelevant conclusion that the present generation do not deserve the "accusations hurled at them from press and pulpit," but that "the girls of today and the men of today are fine and they need no apology."

Throughout the course of the story the author is actuated by a serious purpose, which he takes care to bring out in innumerable conversations—conversations which have just a little of an amateurish tinge, and are mostly of the type that one might expect from half-baked youths in college dormitories. And these conversations, of course, invariably have that most fascinating of all themes—women. As for the actual narrative, it is slight and discontinuous, and no more than mildly interesting—it seems to have been the author's object to express his ideas on the younger generation and on matrimony rather than to relate any dominating and compelling story.

COLLEGE CATALOGUE

CO-ED. By Olivia Deane Hormel. 345 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A VIVID yellow and blue jacket upon which the four large capital letters, "CO-ED" stand out so prominently that they startle the unsuspecting passer-by, would lead one to suppose that another sensational college novel had made its appearance. After reading Miss Hormel's story one is shamefacedly aware of a passing regret that the sensational is so largely confined to the outside of the book. The author has taken the task of describing life in a large Middle Western State university so seriously, she has tried so heroically to give a careful and comprehensive picture, that her book at times resembles a college catalogue as it might be written by a "go-getter" real estate salesman. The book is honest, accurate, and it is capably written. It is a fine book of reference for those who want a straightforward, wholesome account of coeducational life at, say, the University of Illinois—or the University of Iowa. It is very serious, a bit dull, and without trace of a sense of humor.

Lucia Leigh was headed for Vassar, but at the last moment she became intrigued with the State university that her father and mother had attended and went there instead. Being attractive and plentifully supplied with money, she was promptly accepted by a leading sorority and soon began to take a prominent part in the social life of the university. She studied just enough to avoid scholastic difficulties and devoted most of her time to dancing, dining and variously entertaining the young men who constantly sought her company. Although herself a sweet and wholesome maid, her freshman year was largely spent in "fast" company.

During her first Summer vacation Lucia discovered that her closest friend had become too intimate with her "steady" and had been forced to undergo an illegal operation. Due to the shock of this revelation, Lucia amended her life during her sophomore year and cultivated the more serious-minded members of the stu-

dent body. She became interested in writing and gained several positions of a literary nature. Among other things, she made a survey of the accomplishments of "co-eds" in various specialized departments of the university which showed that the new generation of college women were more serious and more capable than their mothers had been.

Lucia's third year in college was largely devoted to work on university papers and magazines and to advising underclassmen as to their modes of life. She had become a person of influence and authority. In her last year she became a member of the select group who were solemnly appointed "the most prominent senior women"; theirs was the responsible task of directing university life. Lucia had become a leader; she took herself even more seriously.

It will be seen that Miss Hormel has planned her story so that she gets a chance to describe every phase of college life with which the average student comes in contact. She does so accurately and without exaggeration. It would be almost impossible to take issue with any portion of the book—except for its characterization of the "average student." It is difficult to imagine a duller, more colorless creature than the talented Lucia Leigh. One is inclined to doubt whether the average student is as humorless, or takes herself as seriously as the author's heroine—perhaps a few of the pillars of collegiate society are of that type, but not too many of them, we hope. Be that as it may, Lucia is not a very exciting character; "Co-ed" succeeds in spite of her—succeeds because it gives a clear, honest picture of a rather important phase of contemporary American life.

A BAKER'S DOZEN

AS A MAN SOWS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Grace Denio Litchfield. 380 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

THIS book of short stories contains the shorter fictions of Grace Denio Litchfield that have appeared in the magazines during the last fifteen years. Miss Litchfield will be remembered as the author of two lyric volumes of verse and several novels, of which "The Burning Question," is probably the most widely known. The present collection of short stories lists thirteen titles whose range of appeal is varied. They were first printed in Harper's, the Outlook and the Bookman.

Miss Litchfield is apparently fond of elemental themes of justice, honor, loyalties, which have a moral. Her plots turn on ethical points. She sets these ethical concepts in such broad contrast that they verge on burlesque. She has at times such a sentimental point of view that the sensibility of her characters suggests that they aren't worldly, nor even of this world at all. She doesn't even stop with Mrs. Norris in pointing out that mothers and babies are the most wonderful thing in this land of the free. Yet there are shrewd bits of observation and insight into life that in spite of this genteel attitude, potently suggests that the author is privy to a much different people and attitude of life than she sets down, but that a kind heart has led her in the ways of sweetness and light.

"As a Man Sows" and "The Question" were written from actual incidents in life. They are tales of personal sacrifice for another and close with the usual moral that accompanies such a theme. "As a Man Sows" presents the trial of a father for forgery. This father, a clerk, had counterfeited money for years that his two boys might have the best possible education. In spite of this opportunity the boys discover their father's outlet to easy money and to his despair want to learn the craft. So the sins of the father are visited upon the sons. Obviously, this is too facile.

Again in "The Question," the theme is sacrifice. A woman hadn't married the man she loved. Afterward in the disappointment of her married life with her parent's choice, she neglects her husband, who is both wealthy and kind, and finds solace for a distressed heart by constant church-going. The husband is taken sick, his chances of recovery are excellent, if he only desires strongly to be cured. He knew his wife had loved a poor newspaper man. On discovering that this man still loved his wife, he chose to die. But his sacrifice was in vain, because too late his wife realized his beautiful nature, and after his death entered a cloistered convent.

"Tangle-Town" seems reminiscent of the local color school. It has the attractive background of a deserted town. A young woman with an interest in Marcus Aurelius is staying with her little niece on a farm outside the abandoned village. A poet comes to stay there, too. The three spend the lovely Summer days in this picturesque old place loafing and inviting their souls. Their greatest problem—the poet being married to a society woman—is not that they shouldn't plan to marry—but that they should refrain from speaking of the love that each finds for the other. "Hearts Are Dust" and "A Desecrated Memory" are the tales of old maids who have lived for years in the bitter-sweet pain of their unrequited love. "Two Sides of a Triangle" is a story of good intention that caused unforeseen difficulties. This and the tale of "An Erring St. John" show that the author can grapple with reality. She would do well in the future to follow the example of Zona Gale and shun the sentimental and depict life with the realism of her observation.

OZARK MOUNTAINEERS

HILL-BILLY. By Rose Wilder Lane. 286 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

SOMETHING of the instinctive antagonism which the Highland Scot feels for his Lowland countryman is inherent in the character of our own native mountain man. Perhaps this antagonism is partly a survival of primitive clan spirit, but certainly it has been strengthened and developed by the different conditions under which hill men and plain men have lived their lives. This factor of environment in the evolution of human character is strikingly illustrated in the Ozark Mountain story of Rose Wilder Lane which she calls "Hill-Billy."

Abimelech Baird, a hill man of the Missouri Ozarks, at the age of 20 quits his father's cabin on Baird's Peak and descends on the plain town of Millersville. Here he begins the practice of law, with scant learning but much native hill wisdom and no little native shrewdness. His rise in the community is sure and swift until he becomes infatuated with Bessie Miller, a "little scrap of prettiness, an' no more." Bessie precipitates a devastating situation which promises to be his undoing. The solution of this unhappy entanglement carries the tale to a triumphant close, which leaves this hill-billy the happy husband of a hill woman, while the weak and deceitful Bessie is awarded to Baird's chief enemy, the devious prosecuting attorney of the town.

IN THE FROZEN NORTH

THE SHANTY SLED. By Hulbert Footner. 294 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

THIS virile novel of the frozen north might do very well, with its blankets of snow and icy blasts, as a desultory source of amusement on a hot Summer day. And yet it might not. If the weather were very warm; if the reader felt a bit peevish from the heat, he might feel more so after a few chapters of "The Shanty Sled."

The book has a good many mechanical errors in it, and very badly constructed sentences—sure signs of careless work somewhere. The characters are absurd. In his endeavor to create an exciting incident every few pages—which, admittedly, he has done—the author has made his puppets well-nigh unrecognizable from chapter to chapter.

The story is that of a handful of farmers who live at Bear Coulée, the outpost of civilization at the end of "a wagon-trail leading in that direction." Chief among the characters are Old Woman Rambert, Hugh and Maccubbin. The Old Woman came to Bear Coulée as a bride. Her husband soon died, and she has been on the spot ever since, hating it but tied there by Maccubbin, who owns all of Bear Coulée and is squeezing blood money from its inhabitants.

One of these unfortunates is Hugh, the hero. Hugh is in love with a dream girl, whose reality is the Old Woman's daughter, Selina. Selina was sent to New York by her mother when but a girl, and has now become an artist of promise. Hugh is in love with her from photographs she has sent the Old Woman.

Maccubbin sends Hugh and two others to The Landing for supplies. One of the men deserts and goes to New York, where he finds Selina and lets slip facts about the hard life her mother leads at Bear Coulée. She induces him to bring her to The Landing. Hugh builds a shanty sled in which to carry her to Bear Coulée, and henceforth battles mightily against the elements and the lust of bad men to bring Selina safely to her mother. The man who went to New York is at one time a "skunk" and another time a "good sort," according to the exigencies of the tale.

Everything in this story gives way to plot suspense and melodramatic incidents. If the reader can make liberal allowances for that discrepancy, he will enjoy the book and read far enough to see Selina and Hugh happily married.

HAMMOCK THRILLER

THE ORDER OF THE OCTOPUS. By Sidney Horler. 310 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

THERE are only two valid questions which one can ask of a book like this: "Is it exciting?" and then, "Does it convince you?" A thriller offering both is a rare bird, indeed, and in its humble way something of an event, as "Beau Geste" and a few other such books will prove. "The Order of the Octopus" cannot be rated so high; it is exciting, but never for a moment convincing. Mr. Horler has been content simply to put a thrill in every chapter and to set a continuously fast pace for his novel, sacrificing the reader's credulity in order to preserve his interest, involving his characters in a maze of crime from which one never doubts the good people will be rescued and the evil ones pulled out prisoners. As far as he goes, he does his work well, and "The Order of the Octopus" is more successful than most of its companions.

There is far more adventure to the book than mystery, for properly speaking, it is not a mystery story at all. All Mr. Horler's cards are laid upon the table at the beginning except one, which is kept hidden till near the middle of the book. The story opens in Venice at a secret meeting of an underworld society commanded by Paul Vivanti, whose name is the Order of the Octopus and whose dual object is the destruction of England and the attainment of immense wealth for its members. In order to achieve both ends, the Order finds it necessary to possess a very great invention, the work of an American named Biddingham. To this end it turns its attention.

In London an important statesman named Sir Herbert Mandeville has got wind that a great plot is under foot. He asks his nephew, Peter Foyle, to bring him any clues he may find, and Peter suddenly leaps into a role far less passive than his uncle intended him to play. Having an idea that Vivanti may be the master-mind in the plot, Peter scouts around in Limehouse, on the basis of a single slight clue, and before he knows it is caught up and forced to become a member of Vivanti's own gang. Simultaneously Sylvia Fowks, with whom Peter is in love, becomes secretary of Mr. Biddingham in an isolated country house, and the two lovers, from opposite directions, approach the dangerous middle ground of the plot. It is hardly fair to tell more of the story than this, and hardly necessary to comment upon the singular good fortune by which Peter and Sylvia come out alive and united.

ROYSTERING ROMANCE

THE SCAMP. By Virgil Markham. Illustrated. 312 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH the hero of "The Scamp" laments that glamour passed from the broad highway with Claude Duval, his own adventurous life as depicted by Virgil Markham, belies his words. For here is a roystering romance of the open road told with a gallop pace in its very tempo—a story of Shropshire and of the Welsh border in the days when George I was King. Mr. Markham is the son of a poet and not a little of his birthright creeps in here and there to add color and distinction to his style. For one thing, he appreciates the fine flavor of an antique phrase. He has, what Stevenson calls a "love for lovely words." He has steeped himself in the language of the countryside and of the century about which he writes. As a result "The Scamp" emerges not only as a tale of alarums and excursions, but as a glowing and finely wrought piece of narrative prose.

Now highwaymen in fiction have always had a high-handed way about them. They hold up readers and compel attention as peremptorily as they waylay milady's coach or a lumbering stage full of wealthy travelers. And when in addition the gentleman of the road happens to be a gentleman, indeed, when he has in his veins some of the best blood in the shire, then the interest that surrounds him grips even tenser yet. Such a one Mr. Markham takes as his titular hero. But because the mystery that surrounds Eustace Tarrant and the well-guarded family seat, Tarrant Hall, stands out as the chief theme of Mr. Markham's novel the reader had better let the author present it and elucidate it in his own way. But even the Scamp himself must share much of the interest of the book with a young squireling of the same Shropshire gentlefolk. In Master Francis Talbot, Mr. Markham has an excellent "juvenile lead." Personable, athletic and well-bred, this young Talbot manages to be on the scene whenever much of import is to be observed or heard. He figures, however, not as the author's narrator, but as the eyes and ears, and often as not, strong right arm, of that pleasantly intrigued, though vicarious fellow-adventurer—the reader.

While the love theme in "The Scamp" comes second in interest to the adventurous and mysterious incidents of the novel, it is a close runner-up. Mistress Dorothy has a high imperiousness about her. She possesses, in fact, not a little of the competence and reliance of the modern young woman, along with the autocratic assurances of the dominant class. Typical of her attitude stands out her comment when told that the fidgety, fretting horse she is about to mount is far from trustworthy: "I shall not trust him but control him." Yet blended with these traits we find much that is truly feminine

(Continued on Page 23)

Two Novelettes by Franz Molnar

EVA and THE DERELICT BOAT. By Franz Molnar. Translated from the Hungarian by Emil Lengyel. 310 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

BEAUTY, which "conceals a little sadness," lurks wistfully, almost as an unbidden refrain, within the robustly objective skepticism of the two novelettes, "Eva" and "The Derelict Boat," which are the latest offering of the versatile and gifted Franz Molnar. Molnar is perhaps better known as the playwright responsible for the exotic and fascinating "Liliom," that gorgeously satisfying, if somewhat theatrical, picture of a rogue. He is only slightly less celebrated as the author of polished and witty contes, a most exacting form of fiction, which have been appearing in various fashionable magazines. Molnar's urbane talent seems to hold within itself the germ of a peculiarly metropolitan cult; in each manifestation—the play, the anecdote and now the novelette — he seems to invite the participation, not to say active partisanship, of the "knowing" ones. He would appear to attract a modish and delicately cynical audience.

A partial explanation for the Molnar vogue may possibly be found in his attitude toward the erotic motive. He had the detachment of the Viennese, notably of Arthur Schnitzler, toward a vaguely melancholy and exquisitely transitory emotion. He brings to this elusive fragrance of incipient decay, however, a strong flavor of his own, which might be termed the barbarian in the boudoir.

In the present instances, the two novelettes, Molnar gives evidence of a delicate perception of the mutations of nature. The bleak resistances of Winter are a background to the frustration of "Eva," just as the voluptuous yet fleeting pageantry of Summer is an accompaniment of the adolescent distemper of "The Derelict Boat."

In the translator's preface Emil Lengyel justly stresses the youthfulness of Hungarian literature. He also indicates the universal appeal of Molnar. Lengyel indicates that the Hungarians took their cue from the French naturalists, whose method they adopted, but whose subject matter and fundamental viewpoint they have appreciably modified. The distinction is apt. Molnar, at all events, is a mellower, a more sympathetic and a less limited observer of life than the school of Zola.

"Eva" might be called a deft laboratory experiment in sex. Molnar presents a womanless community of exiled cosmopolitans among a larger group of alien Slovakian miners. The German and Russian and Hungarian officials and salaried engineers, chemists and bookkeepers have established a balance of sorts, with a mild club life, endless shop talk and innocuous, if aimless, amusements. A brilliant woman from Budapest is dropped into their midst. She has sought refuge with a distant relative, a director of the mine, from the scandals and ostracism incident to her husband's divorce of her. Her wounded vanity, her idleness and the famine of the lonely men combine to form an inevitable disaster or series of misfortunes. Molnar indicates the subtle change in relationships and the gradually altered complexion of the village life with an unfaltering authority and an allusive, yet penetrating, wit.

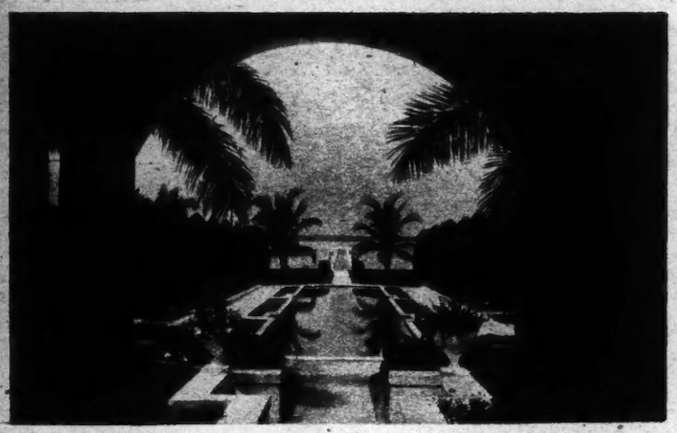
Franz Molnar.

A more difficult esthetic problem is presented by the situation of "The Derelict Boat," and Molnar's solution of it is even more of a triumph. "The Derelict Boat," instead of the clearly defined values of maturity in "Eva," deals with the aspirations, the incertitudes, the unformed ecstasies and despairs of an adolescent girl. Frank Wedekind, Schnitzler and "A Young Girl's Diary" have prepared the way for the acceptance of Continental youth as on a different plane from the slightly ludicrous gaucheries which are more usual in English and American fiction.

The anguish and loneliness of Pirko are typical of mid-Continental stories. Molnar exhibits startlingly discerning recognitions of the workings of the less frequently exploited erotic states, particularly jealousy. Pirko's carefully cultivated friendship with her older rival, her study of the actress, her spying are wryly humorous, yet heartbreaking in their convincing actuality. When Pirko discovers another rival in her own mother the story assumes the dignity and the searching motivation of an epic.

Molnar's novelettes are, possibly, not the sort of thing for Aunt Sally's birthday present. They are, however, a welcome addition to that shelf which Aunt Sally is not presumed to know about: a little "gamy," somewhat sophisticated, but conceived in pitying irony and consummately executed. The book should be a boon to the civilized intelligence.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD.



Swimming Pool, Dean Estate, Fort Myers, Florida.

Photo by Atlantic Coast Line R. R.

Journalistic Kaleidoscope Of the Florida Boom

Kenneth Roberts Squirts a Little Lemon Juice on the Paradise of Realtors and Suckers

FLORIDA. By Kenneth L. Roberts. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

By HOWARD DEVREE

WHEN its history is dispassionately written at some future date, the Florida boom of the last few years may well be recorded as worthy of a serio-comic place alongside the California and Alaska gold rushes. Whatever may eventually be said, the amusing if slapstick account by Kenneth L. Roberts is almost positive proof that a full and true picture can hardly at present be written. Mr. Roberts has tried hard, but he still has overmuch of the feverish feeling of the experience in his own bones to attain a true perspective of one of this country's most unique and unreal episodes.

But Mr. Roberts has accomplished a journalistic kaleidoscope. He has portrayed sketchily but vigorously the native Floridian secure on his heath, the Northern skeptic on his way to be convinced, and the sucker on his way to be trimmed. He has told baldly the facts—sufficiently impressive without tinsel—in the stories of incredible developments. He has explained the sound basis for much of the excitement, and the reasons for avoiding other types of investment. And, boiled down, what Mr. Roberts has to say is this: That any one who is prepared to make a living by hard work can make it in Florida as well as in most States and better than in some others; but that any one who goes down to the land of alligators and citrus fruits, expecting to pick gold coins off the street or out of the air is a candidate for solitary confinement.

Ruthlessly, Mr. Roberts sets out to crush the hopes of would-be get-rich-overnight speculators. He makes beautifully clear that most of the unbelievable profits which have been reported from land transactions have come about in one of two ways: through the teeming imaginations of press agents or purely on paper. There have been, he admits, many investments and many superficial transactions which show great profit. But in most of these cases he offers very good evidence that the profit is long deferred, either by reason of payment by instalments or—in the case of the larger deals—because it has been necessary to put back into the development year after year the money received, in order to insure the future of the project.

This latter course has been followed, his investigation shows, by most of the trustworthy developers. And more than that, he asserts the truth of a gospel which will be even more crushing to the hopes of many whose dreams were rosy: that the desire of the sound and earnest developers is to get people down to Florida who intend to build on the land, live on the land and make the land produce; to add to the wealth and resources of the State. And these capable and honest financiers and developers do not welcome speculators.

He also pours no small amount of scorn on the long-distance investor who thinks to buy wisely without personally inspecting his purchase. He cites the case of Everglade land which is being profitably worked because it has been drained and improved while land across the road, unworkable until drained and improved, is sold to the long-distance investor at an absurdly high price because it is near projects which show a profit. It is evident from Mr. Roberts's story that there has been quite the usual amount of gouging and thievery in the Florida land boom, and that behind it all is, nevertheless, sound investment for one who is able to pick his opportunity and bide his time for returns on his money.

Mr. Roberts's prescription is by way of being a rough purge for illusions. His analysis of the machinery of ballyhooing, which has been built up for entrapping not only the careless and unwary but also the hard-boiled, is both amusing and illuminating—and, needless to say, pathetic.

A farmer [Mr. Roberts quotes one of the developers] will do better to pay $1,000 an acre for Florida land on which he can build a home and produce crops at once than to accept as a gift and try to live on land that is undrained and improperly developed. On the first he is practically certain to make a success; on the second he can only succeed through a freak of nature.

People who decry Florida and everything Floridian Mr. Roberts assigns to the classes who expected to make easy money or who have been stung in unwise transactions. Wise investments are assured in many parts of the State—for the farmer or for the man who is not in a hurry; but those who rush in where angels fear to tread have not changed, his investigation discloses.

Things have, as the author reveals, moved very fast in Florida. They have, in one or two cases, moved even faster than printing machines. For among the developments Mr. Roberts seems to regard as perfectly sure of success, one has flattened out distressingly since he made his observations, and the illustrious names which he mentions as certifying the success of another project have been withdrawn.

As a composite picture of a variegatedly insane episode in real estate history, Mr. Roberts's account of the Florida boom is fascinating material. It should be of interest to such widely diverse readers as prospective investors, agriculturists, press agents, tourists, alienists and But perhaps most interesting of all to social psychologists.

"The Beauty of Ten Thousand Stars"

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES: A Nature Lover's Astronomy. By Florence Armstrong Grondal. Illustrated. 234 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

MADE with unusual attention to the artistry and beauty of its appearance, written with scientific accuracy in a style that while popular is yet poetic and possesses literary quality, Mrs. Grondal's book ought to find its way quickly to the hands and hearts of all who are interested in or want to learn about "the gorgeous pageant of the skies." No small measure of the attractiveness of Mrs. Grondal's presentation of her subject is due to her own sensitiveness to the beauty of that pageant. "There is," she says, "one thing certain—if all the wondrous phenomena of visible stars could be seen on but one of the nights of our long ride about the sun, the civilized world would spend its last cent on glasses and sit up until dawn to feast its eyes on the sublimity of the spectacle." And again she says, after explaining what the ancients meant by "the music of the spheres," heard only by the gods:

> Our modern music of the spheres is no more audible to our dulled ears than the music of those ancient days, yet its silent song of light and color, its mystic setting of ancient tales, and its wonder background of scientific fact, descends in the same sweet way to all hearts lifted to receive it. Yet many people miss all this and know only that the stars are there.

All these factors of interest the author weaves together in her account of the marvels of the heavens. There is constantly the foundation of up-to-date scientific findings and conjectures, sometimes filling the greater part of the text and again well nigh neglected for several pages for the fantasies of legends or the allurements of beauty. An early chapter makes a general survey of the heavens, listing the largest of the stars, telling something about the nature of each and how they appear, from the viewpoint of this world, to be gathered into constellations. Here she explains what recent scientific studies have revealed about the colors of stars—that when a star is huge and red, like Arcturus, Antares, Betelgeuse, it is young, at the beginning of its career, but when it is red and small it is old, like a dying ember. The red tinge indicates its comparative coolness, while the bluish stars are the ones that have the intensest heat. They are in the prime of life and have a surface temperature of perhaps 10,000 degrees. Those that are yellow, like our sun, are middle-aged. Under the caption, "The Romance of the Stars," Mrs. Grondal recounts with sympathetic play of imagination the legends which the Greeks wove around all of the conspicuous heavenly bodies, explains the different names that are given to some of the important constellations and individual stars by different peoples and identifies them for the reader by their scientific names. Then she is ready to take up the separate heavenly bodies, and she comments thus upon her method of treatment:

> An endeavor has been made to arrange the constellations in this volume in the most easily learned without-effort way that could possibly be devised, and to present them in such a manner that the student will go out of doors with a picture of the position of the stars in his mind, so that in more advanced study sky maps will acquire a new significance.

Starting with the North Star, she relates to it the two Bears and the Dragon. Then she sets forth a little further and tells the story of Andromeda in stars. The Zenith constellations come next, then the more widely scattered ones that seem to be watching that parade from afar. Advancing toward the south, she encounters the four great stars, Spica, Antares, Formalhaut and Sirius, and then she continues with the story of Orion and Taurus, the Bull. The Milky Way, the sun and its children, the planets, the earth and the moon are considered in turn. Throughout the treatment is the same, an interweaving of scientific fact, legend and story and description of the wonder and beauty of the sight. There are frequent references also to historical events that have close connection with the subject, mention of works of art, quotations from poems and from scientific works and account of outstanding steps in the history of astronomy. When interesting subjects are still in controversy she gives all sides a hearing. Thus, dealing with Mars, she tells how observers have interpreted the different colors of its surface and summarizes the theories of Schiaparelli, Lowell and Professor W. H. Pickering concerning the famous "canals."

The prominent place just now taken by Saturn in the nightly pageant gives special interest to the chapter devoted to that planet, of which Mrs. Grondal says that it is, when seen through a large telescope, "the most uniquely beautiful creation that man has ever beheld." The rings of Saturn receive at her hands the attention they deserve. When she comes to the subject of the earth the author sketches the several theories that account for its origin, describes the processes that have influenced its contour and outlines its geology. Then, envisaging it as it rolls through space, trailing its shadow closely cupped to its darkened side, she exclaims:

> This cone of our earth's shadow is our personal night and ours alone, and although the stars seem enmeshed in its velvet sides, it is not the night of earth that holds the stars—its darkness merely shuts out the glare of the sun, and the stars of the universe therefore become visible. This remarkable view gave to man a science set in beauty so keen that in the world's young days it was thought that it was music too sweet to be heard by any but the gods. But now we know that all nature is like that, and there is not a cliff, rock, shell, mountain, valley, water, land or any living thing in the botanical or zoological kingdom, no matter how common or how lowly, which does not carry, even as the stars, its quota of science and of song.

The illustrations are fit accompaniments of a text so beautifully and interestingly written and at the same time scientifically dependable. There are twenty-four full-page plates of noteworthy beauty, while there are almost 150 illustrations and diagrams in the text. A pronouncing dictionary and a bibliography complete the work.

The Battle of Orion and Taurus, the Bull.

From "The Music of the Spheres."

How Melville Got Lost in His Own Involuted Prose

A New Biography Shows the Result of His Failure to Follow the Stedman Clique

***HERMAN MELVILLE.** By John Freeman. English Men of Letters Series. 250 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.*

IN one of the last pages of this small volume Mr. Freeman observes that when Melville died in 1891, the few obituary notices which touched upon his passing had first to "explain who was dead." The author of "Moby Dick" had died into oblivion long before he was committed to the grave. By all the standards of the life of his time he was a failure. Longfellow and Whittier, Emerson and Holmes, a little of Thoreau, even a little of Whitman his generation would accept, but there seemed to be no permanent demand for a Melville. So the man whom John Freeman ventures to call "the most powerful of all the great American writers" wrote hardly a line during the final thirty years of his life. Now, after thirty-five years more, he is clearly with the Immortals.

"I hope," says Mr. Freeman in his modest preface, "that America will pardon the inclusion of an American writer among English men of letters." The question need hardly have been raised, for thoroughly American though he was, Melville's literary ancestry runs in the English line. He could have claimed kinship with William Blake or with the author of "Urn Burial," and even in the company at the Mermaid Tavern he would have been not altogether an alien. Nor need he have bowed down if in the corridors of Valhalla he had met the makers of "Beowulf" and the sagas. Like theirs, his soul was a thing of fen and fog and flame. But perhaps this is the same thing as saying that he could not have been long or widely popular in the England of Victoria any more than in the America of Chester A. Arthur. He could not flourish in a restrained and unimaginative era. There had to be a little madness in the air before he could be brought back to life. And this is undoubtedly why Professor Weaver was able to command so much attention with his biography of Melville five years ago and why he is now unquestionably to be regarded as an "English man of letters."

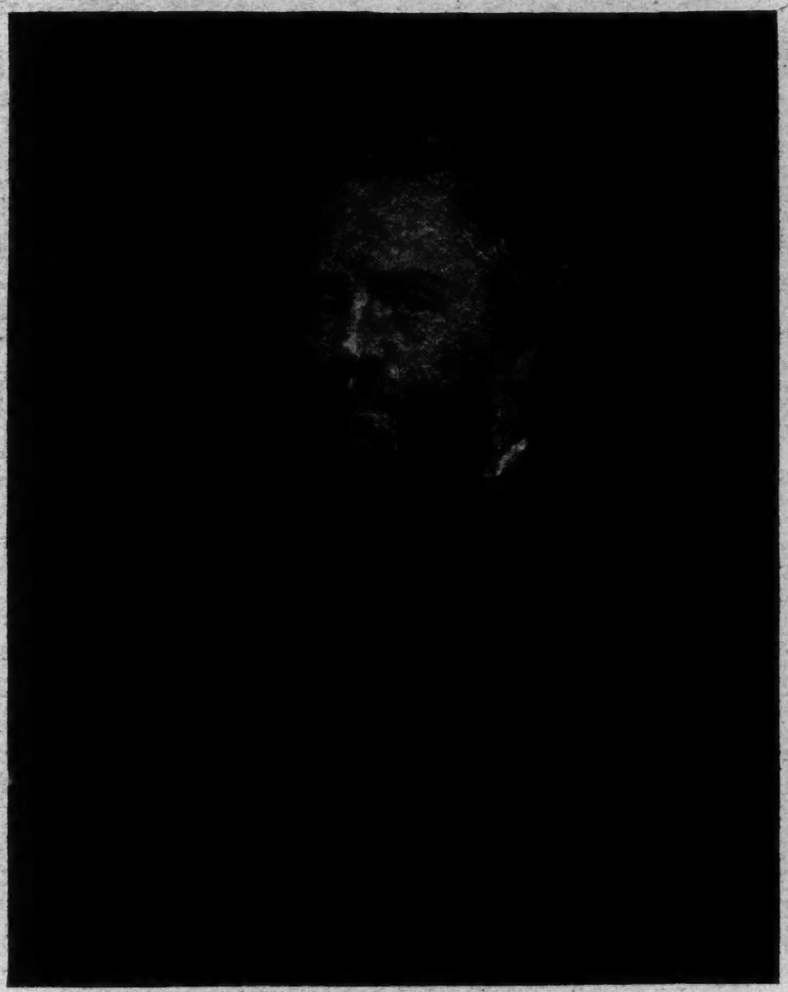
Mr. Freeman could hardly add to Professor Weaver's store of information. The value of his essay is that it gives us a perspective. The plain narrative of his life—his gorgeously adventurous youth, his friendship with Hawthorne, his vain struggles to make a living with his pen, his gray middle years and old age—is sufficiently familiar. In 1864 he had written and published seven books, including "Moby Dick," "Typee" and "Omoo." His total sales for that year were seven hundred copies. In 1866 he was appointed an inspector of customs and in that singularly uninviting occupation spent nineteen of what should have been productive years. The irony of his fate was increased by the fact that for a brief period, at about the half-way mark of the century, he had tasted something like fame. Then the cup had been snatched from his lips.

The qualities which were partially responsible for this apparent failure are clear enough to Mr. Freeman, as they are to American students of Melville's life. He would not learn the art of giving the public what it wanted—or what the editors thought it wanted. A short story called "Two Temples" was rejected by the editor of Putnam's because, as he said, "my editorial experience compels me to be very careful in offending the religious sensibilities of the public, and the moral of the 'Two Temples' would sway against us the whole power of the pulpit." But instead of adapting himself to the religious and other prejudices of his time, as a good hack would have done, Melville simply stopped writing. So began that strange withdrawal, not only from active literary life but from contact with other writers who might have sympathized with him and encouraged him. Stedman thought that if he had been willing to "join freely in the literary movements of New York his name would have been prominent and his books would have sold well." But he was not a man of cliques and movements. He was grandly, peculiarly and stubbornly himself.

The trouble was that there was almost as much tumult and uncertainty within this cloistered self as there was without. Mr. Freeman speaks of his asceticism and notes that Melville's writings on the South Seas contain, "happily, no anticipation of the false praises of paganism which certain English and French writers of later years have indulged in." But a French critic, after reading "Mardi," referred to its author as "an American Rabelais." It seems certain that Melville never satisfied himself with any single literary, moral or philosophical point of view. He was never quite sure who he was, or what he had come into the world to do. He touched absolute perfection only once—in certain passages of "Moby Dick." Prior to that he had not succeeded in uniting his emotional and intellectual qualities. His prose had previously been too often "tame and trite" and subsequently it became a little too wild and unrestrained for its own artistic good. This is, broadly, Mr. Freeman's interpretation and there is no occasion to quarrel with it.

It is possible that a more responsive audience—or rather, any audience at all—might have limited the extravagance into which Melville fell in such works as "Mardi." But he felt himself writing in a world which was not sympathetic and would not become so. When he was punished for his individualism he replied by becoming even more individual. There was no liaison officer to bridge the gap between him and the readers who, after all, even in the blackness of the Grant era, must have existed. He turned in upon himself more and more. He who had once ranged the seven seas with Captain Ahab, rejoicing in the roll of the Pacific surges and the great winds bellying the sails, now sat peering into the depths of his own soul. It was no longer a recognizable universe in which he moved, but one given over to symbols.

Perhaps there is, in every writer who is long remembered, an element of symbolism—something that enables him to understand that a primrose by a river's brim is more than a primrose and a human being more than an assortment of odd traits tied up in a package. Behind the visible world lies, an every poet knows, the world that is invisible and untraveled. There, as humanity fondly dreams, is order and purpose, of which the chaos of the seven seas is but a shattered image. In Melville, as in Joseph Conrad, there is an attempt to relate the episodes of human life—the shipwrecks by land and sea—to some everlasting and unchanging pattern. Let this be done with sufficient convincingness, as it is in "Moby Dick" or "Lord Jim," and we have a supreme work of art—and by that one means a product which brings out a previously unrecognized significance in human existence. Let it fail, and there is no more dismal failure.



Herman Melville.

The creative writer must straddle his two worlds like a colossus. It was Melville's misfortune that in entering the realm of symbols he lost his footing in the region of fact and experience. He became like a voice calling more and more plaintively through a thickening mist. What he had to say seemed to him of dire importance, but he could not interpret it in terms of steel or growing corn or veritable sails on a recognizable sea. He could no longer speak the American language. He became a little like that forlorn old lady in Cornwall who at the end was the only person in the world who could speak and understand Cornish. She may have been eloquent in her native tongue—but nobody could be sure. So it was with Melville, with the difference that instead of inheriting an ancient tongue he developed a new and strange and often incomprehensible dialect of his own.

> Melville began [says Mr. Freeman] by being a writer of simple, direct prose, reminding one partly of Defoe and partly of Borrow, and he became a writer of eloquent elaborated prose wantoning in its strength and movement as whales wanton in water. * * * He adheres to that superb tradition of English writers—the tradition of prose written for the ear rather than the eye. [But] too often he is at the mercy of a bad genius, who tempts him to use all his gifts save one—restraint. And thus his lavish Latinisms, his fond compound words, his biblical allusions, his large metaphors and easy movements—all may be used, but restraint is lacking, and the result is ornate, or heavy, or slow, or extravagant, and merely unreadable.

But so, if we look at the god unabashed, is some of Shakespeare.

What is the Melville secret? Mr. Freeman does not pretend to tell us, but he does suggest that "no one can read his work extensively without noticing the almost complete absence of women and his almost complete silence about sex. * * * The sharpest sexual passion anywhere in his work—and it is an all but solitary instance—is incestuous. Was it, perhaps, the up-gathered impulses of his puritanic heritage that warred with his natural passion and made out of that strife a silence, a desolation?"

The recent success of Mr. Dreiser—though in his case it is not accompanied by a noticeable reticence about sex—suggests that Melville would have found ours a more congenial generation than his own. His struggle would perhaps have been as painful as it actually was, but in the end he would have battered his way to acceptance.

Yet this might not have added to his ultimate stature. It is the business of genius to produce—not to be happy. One timeless masterpiece is worth forty "books of the year." Melville, says Mr. Freeman, "was a mythmaker, a creator, a poet in the essential meaning of the word, and all his best powers were fused in one vital imagination, 'Moby Dick.' It is as purely a creation as 'Paradise Lost,' born of the same mythopoetic faculty and making of the myth, in the old heroic way, a parable as well." Perhaps all that Melville had a right to ask of the fates, or all that the fates had a right to ask of him, was "Moby Dick." He may well make that one volume his excuse for existence, while the authors of many a "set" which people buy gladly on the instalment plan will ultimately be hard put to it to explain why they should not be consigned to oblivion.

It is obvious that Mr. Freeman, in his present sketch, has not probed to the depths of Herman Melville's being. Possibly only a psychoanalyst would venture that. The thing that was Melville was locked behind brazen doors and dwelt alone. But Mr. Freeman is sympathetic and understanding. He is thoroughly familiar with the traditions of English prose (and verse, too, as he shows in his discussion of Melville's poems), and knows how to orient his subject. Melville could have no happier introduction to those who have not yet made his acquaintance.

Some Old Churches of Quebec

***LES VIEILLES EGLISES DE LA PROVINCE DE QUEBEC,** 1647-1800. (The Old Churches of the Province of Quebec). Quebec: Published by the Commission of Historic Monuments.*

ONLY a few of the churches about which the pious founders of the French settlements in Canada built their new homes have survived to this day and these few have suffered many alterations. This handsomely printed book, issued by the Commission of Historic Monuments of the Province of Quebec, is really an appeal to French Canadians to cherish what is left to them of the old architecture and decoration and to put an end to "la manie de détruire et l'amour de la nouveauté."

Thirty-eight churches of the Provinces are treated in the volume. For each there is a brief historical account and illustrations showing exterior, interior, and important details of decoration. In the older buildings, dating back to the French régime in Canada, there is a rare interest from the standpoint of architecture and sculpture since their builders and decorators were untrained artisans who brought from France nothing but clear memories of similar work. The commission believes that they "were modest artisans who probably had never opened a manual." And yet they were able to produce some beautiful examples of structure and decoration.

They sought their inspiration in the churches of their old French provinces, adapted their building to the rigorous climate of Canada and hurried their labor before the coming of Winter and the attack of savages. And they built solidly and beautifully in many cases. Modifications of the old work has not been more successful in French Canada than elsewhere.

The records of the old churches are taken from parish archives, letters and other sources. The illustrations are particularly interesting and are successful in setting out clearly many details of the old and later style of architecture and sculpture.

A Good Politician Is Not A Born Strategist

Winston Churchill's Headstrong Dardanelles Campaign As a Horrible Example of What May Happen When Civilians Try to Run a War

THE PERILS OF AMATEUR STRATEGY, as Exemplified by the Attack on the Dardanelles Fortress in 1915. By Lieut. Gen. Sir Gerald Ellison, K. C. B., K. C. M. G. 183 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

By T. J. C. MARTYN

WITHOUT a superfluous word General Ellison indicts politicians in general and Winston Spencer Churchill in particular. From a soldier's point of view the amount of bungling in the late war, too often caused by incompetent politicians, can perhaps only be measured by the interminable length of "red tape" that issued from the administrative and executive departments in charge of conducting the war for Great Britain. It is true, even from a military and naval viewpoint, that politicians are a necessary evil, since, as the General recognizes, politics is rarely separated from strategy; that politicians, however, should usurp the rôle of strategists, or that soldiers should attempt the work of politicians, is manifestly irrational. It is the aim of this book to prove it so and to advocate a sensible system for the conduct of war.

The lessons which General Ellison draws from the costly failure of the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign are of vital concern to this country, which has yet to solve very much the same problems of defense as Britain. The principle involved, the coordination of political and military intelligence has a history of long-standing abuse. Pitt and Abraham Lincoln both countered civilian inefficiency, the former by creating a triumvirate, the latter by giving General Grant full powers in the Civil War. It is the business of politicians, unfortunately, to make wars; it is the business of soldiers to fight them. The point at issue is not merely how much power one side or the other shall have, but when the conduct of operations shall be handed over to the experts, whose decisions naturally must always be tempered by political considerations. Lord Esher, in an introduction to this book, thinks the "transition moment is so difficult to fix, the strands of military and civil life are so intertwined, that his [the author's] problem appears to me insoluble." Nothing could be more easily solved: the time would appear to be immediately after the civil authorities had declared war, and it would hardly seem to be too great a tax on mediocrity to devise a system whereby trained men are given freedom to put their knowledge into effect without killing any sacred cows. General Ellison himself proposes for the British Empire an Operations Section. He says:

"The empire as a whole would have to determine what executive powers shall be vested in the Operations Section the moment war supervenes, how such powers are to be exercised and to what extent the section is at liberty in peace to prepare imperially for war." And he concludes: "If the peoples of the empire will it, the problem of democracy producing a rational system for the conduct of war is not insoluble."

This suggestion is based on Winston Churchill's Dardanelles campaign. The responsibility for that operation was determined by the Royal Commission which reported in 1917, and it is largely upon its indictment of Mr. Churchill that General Ellison proceeds. The daring project of forcing the Narrows into the Sea of Marmora was brilliantly conceived in Mr. Churchill's fertile mind. The political objective was to prevent Bulgaria from entering the war and to establish communications with Russia, thereby freeing an immense amount of commerce tied up in the Black Sea. The military objective was to cut off Turkey from her German ally by the capture of Constantinople and to relieve the pressure then being exerted on the Russians in the Caucasus.

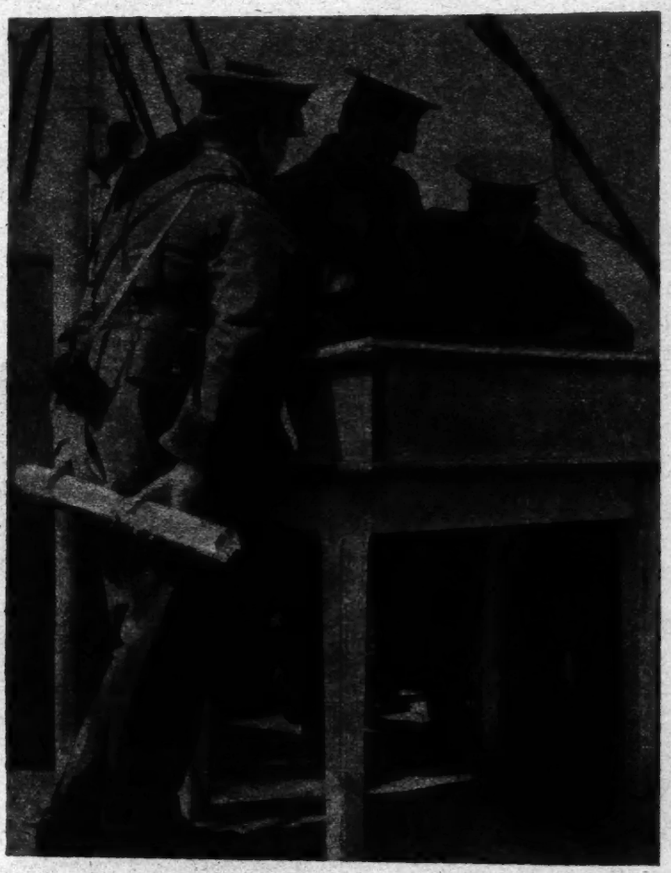
Here General Ellison weighs two vital facts. First, that Lord Fisher ever since 1904 had fondled an undoubtedly sound scheme of keeping the communications with Russia open through the Baltic Sea. Had this been put into operation, as the General points out, the Baltic might not have remained a "German lake" throughout the war and the blockade might have been completely effective, thereby saving countless lives. All this is well known.

Second, action against Turkey in 1915 was an obvious necessity, but there was certainly at least one alternative to the Dardanelles project. That was Lord Kitchener's plan of attack from Alexandretta, which would have had the effect of cutting the artery of Turkish supplies probably more effectively but perhaps not so rapidly as at Constantinople.

Both these expert plans were shelved by Mr. Churchill. Without considering the adverse opinions of the Sea Lords of the Admiralty Board he acted indeed as if the old office of Lord High Admiral had been vested in him, and clung tenaciously to his Dardanelles plan.

So much General Ellison points out; so much the Royal Commission proved. Incredible though it is, Mr. Churchill at first thought that the capture of Constantinople and all that it entailed was purely a naval matter. On this point we now have Lord Grey's evidence. In his "Twenty-five Years" he says: "My recollection is very clear that the attack on the Dardanelles was agreed to on the express condition that it should be a naval operation only; it was under no circumstances to involve the use of troops." Lord Fisher, as his "Memories" show, only gave in to Mr. Churchill after his opposition had proved futile, and his surrender merely took the form of silence. Any naval officer would have recalled Lord Nelson's dictum that the sailor who attacks a fort is a fool.

Mr. Churchill, however, according to the evidence sifted by General Ellison, gradually changed his ground and began to battle with Lord Kitchener for troops. The author says the operation was more military than naval, but that it required heavy artillery, with its high trajectory, efficient communication and a land base, all of which were lacking. He then cites adverse military opinions galore. But nothing could quench the enthusiasm of the impetuous Mr. Churchill, and the result was, as Walter H. Page pointed out, "the horrible tragedy of Gallipoli, where the best soldiers in the world were sacrificed to politicians' policies."



General Ian Hamilton, Directing Staff Operations at the Dardanelles From the Upper Bridge of H. M. S. Triumph.

Lord Grey also tells of the effect which the evacuation order had on Lord Kitchener, who it appears, had been considerably importuned by Mr. Churchill's scheme:

When at length the decision to abandon Gallipoli had to be taken, Kitchener was the most tragic figure of us all. He, like the rest of us, anticipated that the withdrawal of the troops could not be accomplished without catastrophe. The first part would get safely away, but the last detachment would not. "Distress" would not be the right word to apply to Kitchener in these dark days at the end. Distress suggests a breakdown, and this was never true. But he felt his responsibility to the army, and he suffered intensely.

The criticism, of course, is unfair to Churchill. His plan of action was nothing if not brilliant. His mistake was in not considering more seriously the experts who, when all is said and done, knew far more than he about naval strategy. As Lord Esher remarks, in comparing him to Lord Chatham: "In war it is precisely the temperament of Mr. Churchill that is wanted in a leader or a commander." "But," continues Lord Esher, "Chatham had a free hand and amazing good fortune, while Mr. Churchill had neither." Indeed, something less conservative than General Staff opinion is sometimes necessary, but it is absurd to think that Mr. Churchill had the right to assign the functions of a supreme naval commander to himself.

As it was, the Dardanelles campaign came within an ace of success. General Liman von Sanders, in his "Five Years in Turkey," notes that "if during their attacks on Aug. 15 and 16 the British had captured and held Kiretch Tepe, the whole position of the Fifth Army would have been outflanked. The British might have then achieved a decisive and final victory." From so excellent a soldier as the German General, this opinion is worthy of consideration. General Ellison takes no account of it. And perhaps the greatest marvel of the whole nasty business was that Mr. Churchill, having survived the disaster at Antwerp, should also have survived the greater catastrophe at Gallipoli and should now be ensconced as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But this does not in any way affect General Ellison's conclusion that there is far too much bungling in democratic control of naval and military strategy. It is surely time, even if the sacred principle is injured, since the safety of the people outweighs constitutional theory—that the reign of the amateur in every department of public activity, but especially in those of defense, be cut short. And it is criminal that for the sake of a principle nations should tolerate mediocrity and inefficiency and condone the needless sacrifices of human life made, after all is said and done, in the name of democracy.

The Grandfather of Montana

FORTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER, as Seen in the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart, Gold Miner, Trader, Rancher and Politician. Edited by Paul C. Phillips. Illustrated With Original Sketches by the Author. In two volumes, 372 and 365 pp. Cleveland, Ohio: Arthur H. Clark Company. $12.

THOSE who as lads revaled in Captain Bonneville, Parkman, Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and who lately have rejoiced in the reviving fame of Billy the Kid, Buffalo Bill and Meriwether Lewis, will find their pulses stirred anew by this authentic record of the making of the West. Here is material for more of John G. Neihardt's sagas, if his own notebooks ever fall him. Here are incidents and characters for the making of endless novels—pioneers, trappers, squaw men, braves, prospectors, horse thieves, vigilantes, gold seekers, cowboys and cattle barons, sketched against the tremendous scenic background of the high Rockies.

Granville Stuart was born in Virginia in 1834 and reared in Illinois, on the edge of the frontier. His father joined in the first gold rush, reaching Sacramento in the Fall of '49 by the overland route and returning in '51 by way of Nicaragua. In the Spring of '52 he started West again with his two boys, James and Granville. The latter was less than 18 when he entered the then railroadless country beyond the Mississippi, and when he died at the age of 84 in 1918 while at work on an official history of Montana, he had been an actor in the mighty drama of the West for sixty-six years. He had hunted gold from California to Canada, explored valleys in which he was the first white man to set foot, fought Indians, run down horse thieves, battled road agents, and helped to bring law, order and industry into a rough country of imperial extent and richness. Stuart was one of the first settlers in Montana, played a leading part in the cattle boom which gave the Territory its first taste of prosperity and helped to push that State into the Union.

Many others lived similar rôles in the opening of the West, but they were not writing men. They could live the story, but they could not write it. Granville Stuart's significance for coming generations lies in the fact that he was a little different from the mine-run of frontier humanity. Though he conformed to its standards sufficiently to follow gold rushes and to wed an Indian wife, and though he never affronted the bucko spirit of the young country by any holier-than-thou attitude, nevertheless his heart was that of a detached onlooker viewing an epic. In a society where few could read or write he kept diaries; he packed books over mountain trails and read them aloud to his camp companions during the fantastically long Winters; when his firm grew to employ many cowboys, he installed a library of 3,000 volumes for their use at the central ranch house. Frequently he tells of dropping his pick or pan to muse upon the beauties of glen and peak or to sketch, crudely but effectively, a mountain stream. In all his human relationships he seems to have been scrupulously just to his partners and neighbors, and even a little tender toward Indians, ruffians and all unfortunates. One can picture his wiping away an honest tear as he adjusted, in the line of duty, the noose around a horse thief's neck.

Naturally a man so honorable and kindly was frequently overreached in the hard-boiled rough and tumble of the frontier. Stuart achieved eminence but not a fortune. Gold passed him by, sometimes by no more than a hair's breadth. His great cattle venture, so prosperous in the beginning, came to grief through a succession of adverse seasons. But these misfortunes never soured Granville Stuart; they were just part of the luck of the game, to be ridden over and down with a frontiersman's fortitude.

In the end he left a mass of diaries and memoirs, from which a judicious selection has been made by Paul C. Phillips, who has done excellently in correcting his principal's occasional lapses in dates. Still, despite the color and vigor of the present volumes, the unpublished residue must contain much else of value. In such a rich mine as Granville Stuart, even the tailings should be worth reworking some time. As the incidents unfold themselves richly, the reader has the feeling, somehow, of buried treasure just around the corner, of things left unsaid for lack of space, even though they richly deserve telling. Still, lovers of frontier lore should be grateful for the salvaging of so many tales of high emprise which deserve a place in the folklore of America. Among them are the story of the prize fight at Virginia City on Jan. 2, 1865, between Hugh O'Neill (weight 190) and Con Orem (weight 138). These worthies were both on their feet at the end of the one hundred and eighty-fifth round, when the match was declared a draw by mutual consent, the purse divided and all bets declared off. Of more serious import is the picture of military inefficiency and Indian Bureau graft and blunders on the frontier. It is well to have these written into the record by as honest a hand as that of the Grandfather of Montana.

ARTHUR POUND.

Archibald Thorburn Knows Every Feather of Every British Bird

Close-Ups of the Buffle-Head, the Blue-Winged Teal and Hooded Merganser in His Third Volume

***BRITISH BIRDS.** Written and illustrated by Archibald Thorburn, F. Z. S. Volume III, 168 pp. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 1926. $5.50.*

By CHARLES JOHNSTON

THERE is an excellent reason for Archibald Thorburn's four volumes on British birds, the third of which has just been published. And for a new book on the feathered inhabitants of the British Isles there must be, at this late date, a good reason. No birds in the world have been so long and closely studied by so many skilled observers; and, as W. H. Hudson says in one of his books, it is the habit of Englishmen not only to study but to write books about the object of their studies. Hudson mentions, but does not name, a book on British birds written so long ago as 1544, twenty years before the Swan of Avon saw the light, and there are notices of rare birds centuries earlier, as when Matthew Paris records an invasion of England by red crossbills in the year 1251, with a vivid description of their colors and the strange forceps-like bill.

The modern cycle of books on British birds began about 1666, when Merrett's book on the natural history of Britain was published, as Elliott Coues noted in his Bibliography, printed in 1880. As long ago as 1760, G. Edwards undertook to answer the question: "Whence come the Stork and Turtle, the Crane and the Swallow, when they know and observe the time of their coming?"—a title which goes back to the Prophet Jeremiah, twenty-six centuries ago. After Edwards come the great names of Gilbert White (1789), Bewick (1797), Montagu (1806), Yarrell (1827), and MacGillivray (1837), who inspired Audubon; a host of moderns follow, adorned by admirable illustrations, beginning with the colored plates of J. Hunt, which first appeared in 1835.

Notwithstanding all this wealth of earlier material, there are admirable reasons for the appearance of Archibald Thorburn's four volumes. The foremost reason is this: no artist has ever given us such pictures of birds as he has painted during thirty years and more. It may be said of him that he knows every feather of every British bird; that, like the Flemish painter who "entered into the inmost soul of the sheep," Mr. Thorburn enters into the inmost soul of the birds; that he has attained an unequaled power to convey the soft, elastic texture of plumage, as the Swede, Gustav Fjoestad, feels and paints the fleecy surface of fresh snow.

The illustrations are the primary reason for being of these new volumes on an old theme, and a reason wholly adequate. In all these pictures, nearly two hundred in the four volumes, three qualities are notable. First, there is the living likeness of the bird depicted; not only of the form and feathers but also of the spirit and character of the bird. Then there is the beauty and appropriateness of the setting, which is really a finished study, a landscape rather than a background. Third, and perhaps rarest in illustrations, there is the perfect harmony between the bird and its environment. It is as though each bird had consciously chosen that particular place; we see the setting from the bird's point of view. No one who knows and loves birds can doubt their fine discrimination. Their vision is far keener than ours; and, if Darwin's surmise be correct, that sex selection is the cause, or one of the causes, in the development of their adornments, then their sense of the beauty of form and color can no more be questioned than the gift of melody in the thrushes. It is one of the virtues in Archibald Thorburn's pictures that they suggest this appreciation by the birds of the places where they love to dwell or linger.

Black Grouse. (Male and Female).

In this third of the four volumes, the birds are in the main swans, geese, ducks, doves, grouse, ptarmigans, rails and waders. There are biographies of about a hundred birds, but of sixteen there are no pictures, because they are rare stragglers. Of those illustrated, about a dozen are hardly more than accidental visitants, authentically recorded only three or four times in the British Isles. Eight are visitors from North America, most of them beautifully colored ducks.

One of these American ducks offers, perhaps, the only instance in which criticism of Mr. Thorburn's work is possible. This is the vivacious and quaintly marked little sea duck, which American ornithologists call the buffle-head (Charitonetta albeola), but which Mr. Thorburn calls the buffel-headed duck (Clangula albeola), on plate 112, facing page 69. Mr. Forbush, writing of the birds of Massachusetts, in part describes it thus: "Head and a little of upper neck very dark, rich green, with purple, violet, amethyst, orange-yellowish and bronzy reflections, appearing black at a distance; a large, nearly triangular white patch from below eye, widening to and over nape." The little buffle-head may be seen every Winter at a good many places on the shore of Long Island, and, to even better advantage, at Lynn, where the ducks are protected and know it, and are consequently abundant and tame. The white patch on the drake's head has very much the effect of a kerchief folded diagonally and tied over the top of the head. But Mr. Thorburn's picture shows it rather as a white band curving backward and downward from behind the eye.

Other American ducks, like the blue-winged teal and the hooded merganser, are represented with admirable accuracy as well as beauty.

We noted that, in describing one of the American ducks, Mr. Thorburn, following the practice of British writers, has diverged from the name accepted by American ornithologists. This is also true when he writes of our familiar and shrill-voiced killdeer. And it is perplexingly true in the case of several shore birds which are common to the Old and New Worlds: English and American ornithologists have chosen different scientific names; often also different English names, as yellowshank and yellowlegs for the bird which English naturalists call Tringa flavipes, while their American colleagues call it Totanus flavipes. This is an old controversy; let us refer it to the League of Nations.

In Mr. Thorburn's book each bird has about a page of biography, in comfortably large type. As compared with the close personal observation of T. A. Coward, who has gathered his own notes on every bird, Mr. Thorburn's pages are more in the nature of compilations, enriched by quotations from such authorities as Lord Lilburn, MacGillivray, Millais and even so remote a writer as Marco Polo. As compared with the descriptions in W. H. Hudson's "British Birds," Mr. Thorburn's pages are matter of fact, rather than sensitive and vividly felt. But, besides accurate and informing summary, there is also keen personal observation. Perhaps the best example of Mr. Thorburn's own writing is this passage, on page 106:

> On still, sunny days in Autumn, ptarmigan are easily approached, and then a visit to their territory well repays the toil. As one gains the higher levels the vegetation assumes a more Alpine character, becoming sparse and stunted among the wilderness of rocks and lichen-covered stones. On such ground the birds are hard to find, as they cower amidst their gray surroundings, very like speckled stones themselves when at rest, though their presence is often revealed by the harsh and prolonged jarring notes of the leader of the covey. When hungry the birds disperse among the stones and mountain herbage, feeding chiefly on the shoots of various plants such as blaeberry and crowberry. They are also fond of the fruit of the Alpine plant, the black bearberry, whose Autumn foliage tells as scarlet patches on mountain tops in Sutherland. Particles of quartz are also swallowed by the bird, which serve to grind the harder parts of its food in the gizzard. In Winter ptarmigan have no difficulty in maintaining themselves amongst the snow, when they will burrow down to reach hidden supplies of food, or seek it where snow-slips or the wind have swept the ground.

Whooper Swan.

Three of Thorburn's Drawings From "British Birds."

Mr. Thorburn has been painting British birds for more than thirty years; there are eight beautiful pictures of his in Hudson's book published in 1895. He was one of the illustrators of the late Lord Lilburn's great book, and these illustrations have been reproduced in Coward's two volumes, published in 1920. For his own book, he has given himself the rich pleasure of painting a complete new series of pictures, often finer and richer in feeling, equally admirable as science and as art. He is familiar with every feather of every bird, its form, its color and its poise.

We have, then, a petition to present to him, in the name of the golden hours which he has given us. In most of his pictures the birds are at rest, meditative, with folded wings. But the wings are the essence of the bird, and many birds attain their full beauty only on the wing; in some of the ducks, for example, their special adornment, the iridescent speculum, is really seen only when the wings are fully spread.

So we invite Mr. Thorburn to paint a series of British birds on the wing, showing both the richness of their color and the beauty of their flight. The technique is different. It is a question of painting from the mind-image, imprinted on the imagination while actually watching the bird in flight, as some Japanese artists do. And some Japanese paintings, as of egrets and cranes on the wing, have never been approached by Western artists. Many of the birds in this volume have singularly beautiful flight, notably some of the ducks. We should like to see that beauty caught and held, together with the accurate form and color which Mr. Thorburn has so completely mastered. Perhaps, after his fourth volume has been issued, he may be persuaded to embark on this charming adventure.

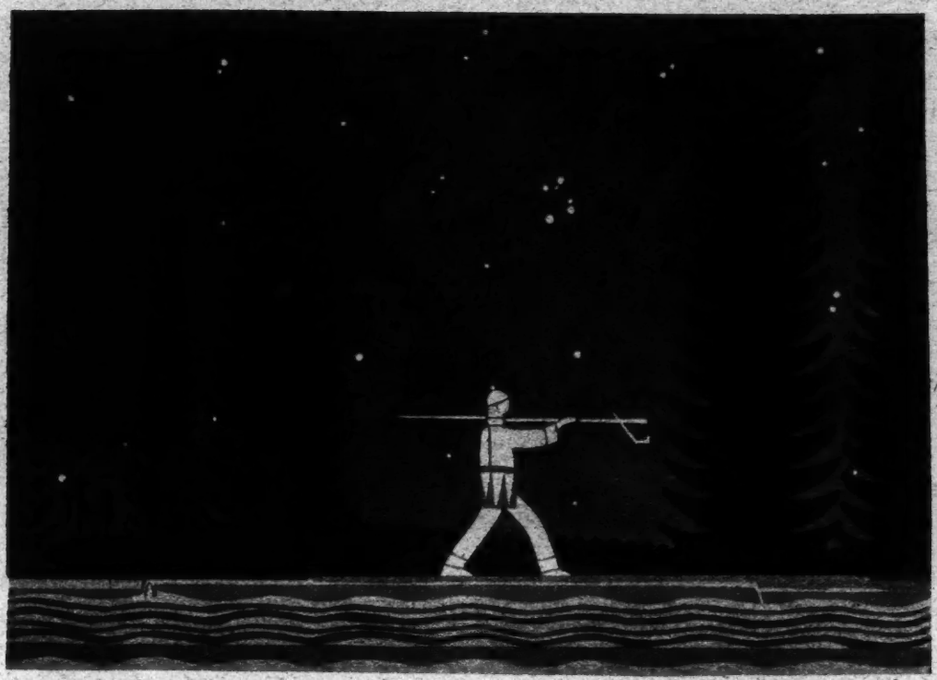
Oyster Catcher.

Prose Laureate Of Grub

James Stevens Glorifies Rough Manual Labor

***BRAWNYMAN.** By James Stevens. 333 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.*

By HENRY LONGAN STUART



Jacket Design for "Brawnyman."

AMONG the discomforts which time as it passes is serving up in progressive measure to the old-fashioned mind not the least is a new and unsettling conception of what used to be agreed on as social distinctions. Two generations ago or even less a story of which the laboring man was the hero was apt to follow a pretty definite line. The ambitious and horny-handed youth was presented to us as consumed with an abiding ambition to issue from his environment. If he resisted the more obvious temptations of women, cards and liquor, if he spent precious hours filched from his leisure in improving a neglected education, his reward came on the day when a friendly hand laid on his shoulder withdrew him from the company of his sweating mates to the paradise of executive position. A white collar and store clothes were the outward sign of his achievement, a flat-top desk and a swivel chair the goal of his effort. Generally and as a concession to general interest some nice girl was invented to be the incentive to his social elevation.

To consider the reasons that are responsible for the blight which has descended upon these cocksure manuals of self-help, thinly disguised as fiction, would lead one a very long way from James Stevens's "Brawnyman," which is a saga and glorification of rough manual labor for its own sake. Undoubtedly the growing mechanization of life has something to do with the new regard for the mechanic. But even more responsible is the disrepute which in our own day has overtaken thought as opposed to action, the new impatience with inhibitions of any sort and the new curiosity as to what life may mean to men who never undergo their discipline. A misgiving as to how much of living is missed by a concentration on what used to be considered life's worthwhile aims is very much of the fashion of the time. It is rendered all the more poignant by the fact that even the material awards are inclining more and more away from the side of culture and self-restraint. It is chastening to find Mr. Stevens in his own introduction admitting that as soon as an "acceptable article" had been written by him "I at once sold my sedan and most of my wardrobe and made myself live the frugal life of an author," and that even today the "exhilarating labor and enormous wages" of expert labor in a sawmill are felt as a "troublesome temptation," in face of literature's meagre rewards.

Among the crop of hefty fellows who are putting calloused fingers to the keyboard today to give us the inside on labor that comes from a first-hand acquaintance with lumber camps, cabooses and shoveling gangs James Stevens carries authority. He is already favorably known from a series of articles on the workingman, new style, contributed to The Mercury, of the unconfortable frankness to be expected in columns overseen by Mr. Mencken. He is also the author of "Paul Bunyan," a lively essay in the preposterous which has been hailed in some quarters as a national epic, though in others a difficulty in reading it through has halted appreciation. There is a certain proportion of "Paul Bunyan" in Mr. Stevens's latest book and those who had acquired a taste for what might be called synthetic folklore may still read of the lives and loves of the "lean-bellied sand gougers," the "roughnecked thousand-footed dollarpedes" and the pursuit of the vaccus by the golden-coated mink-tum across the lava slopes and "red-pepper pastures" of Volcano Land.

More generally acceptable, if only for the light it throws on the workingman's conceit of himself, is the early life story of Jim Turner—"Appanoose Jimmy"—which makes up the bulk of Mr. Stevens's autobiographical story. Jim is a brawny lad whose early ambitions go no further than to do a man's work. An attempt to steal a ride eastward from Idaho ends disastrously for him at Nampa, and in his efforts to escape the attentions of a brutal marshal who "looked as big as two men" he finds himself a tolerated member of the vagrant gang with whom months of his life are to be spent, one little unit of the vast army of casual labor who drift across the continent from job to job. These men, as the author makes plain, are neither tramps nor criminals. They are rebels, but their revolt is not against civil but economic law. They are quite simply a residuum of the chaotic energy that built up America; men who have failed, somehow or other, to find their place in the settlement and who, in their flight from the discipline of the ordered job have acquired the status of the fugitive and even much of the speech and manner of the criminal. They are quits outside any code except the rough one they make for themselves. They are strong, manly fellows (only the strong and manly could survive their life a month) even though chewed ears and broken noses have played havoc with their original comeliness. And they are the very best of company.

I soon found out that the reason these men knew so much geography was because they were hobo workingmen who traveled from one big grading job to another in the Summer and spent their wages in the strange cities in the Winter. They talked even tougher than cowhands and they made the cities look so wicked that Big Mag's place seemed like a Sunday school. * * * They might be tough and wicked, but they all looked healthy and clean. * * * I enjoyed hearing their talk, though I couldn't understand much of it. They spoke of rag houses, Jacks and Neds, wakers, stomach robbers, tin pans, leather, scissor bills, muck sticks, barn dogs and jug heads.

At Jim's first job, which is no more than "flunkying" in the cookhouse kitchen:

I heard many wonderful stories there from the team hands. They all had amazing nicknames and were never called by any others, and they never told any but amazing stories. There was Rough Rider Smiller; he had been with Teddy Roosevelt in Cuba, and claimed to know him well. There was Google Eye Murphy, who was always telling about the tough fights he had been in at Hinky Dink's in Shy. There was Frisco Tommy, who had a string of yarns about the Chinks in his home town. But the mightiest of all was Burly Hughes, who declared he had killed three niggers when he was a camp boss in the South, and had notches for them in the handle of his gun. I was scared of Burly Hughes, and whenever he ordered me to wash his clothes I never said a word, but just did it. And I didn't dare to quit while he was in camp, because he had beaten up several men who had asked for their time while he was in a bad humor.

Monarch of all this little world within a world of teamsters and haulers is Paddy the Devil, the black-haired giant with the oiled hair and curled mustache, "polite and silent" on the job, but upon whom the sight of any strong man and possible rival acts like a challenge, and who sniffs the air restlessly whenever words rise high in cabin or saloon. Paddy is the apotheosis of rough labor:

His shoes were big tan brogans with brass eyes and buckskin strings. Then I let my gaze wander up his new bright-blue overalls to the twenty-foot buckskin lash which was wound round his waist, on up the red woolen shirt, which showed where his chest bulged out between the sides of his unbuttoned jumper, on up to his chin, which was wide and flat, like the head of a sledge-hammer. * * * No king has ever looked nobler or grander than Paddy the Devil did then, as he stood where the sunlight poured through the door and all around him, his scarred fists resting on his hips, his shoulders jutting out like two anvils, his head up, like a lion's. * * *

The most interesting passages in "Brawnyman" are those which describe in detail the technics of rough and dangerous work in which both brawn and brain must work together. Rudyard Kipling has done it not unsuccessfully, but always with a sort of conscious vanity in having mastered the technical terms of work from observation. With James Stevens, we have the worker himself fully articulate and able to make for us, from the minutiae of a task which he has had to acquire by painful apprenticeship, a convincing picture of what are two of the most serious things left in our world—manual toil, and man tending the machines he has made.

The toggle man * * * ran the heavy axle chain through a hole under the load, toggled it, and the teamster drove his horses slowly ahead. As the tongue was pulled down, the axle turned the toggled chain and the load was lifted from the ground. Then the loaders held the tongue down, the teamster threw back the fight chain, and with it the tongue was bound to the front end of the load. The doubletrees were hooked up to the end of the tongue and the load was hauled down to the jammer.

The sawyer, in a cage between the log deck on his left and the whining band-saw on the right, stopped on a foot lever, and a sugar pine butt, 5 feet in diameter and 16 feet long, rolled off the deck and against the head blocks on the carriage. Now the sawyer jingled with his left hand a rig like a peavey handle that stuck up from the floor, and, as he jiggled it a steel beam with heavy teeth on its face shot up vertically between the deck and the carriage, fetched the log a lick that squared it against the blocks, and dived out of sight. The dogger and the setter snapped down on levers, and steel dogs held the log.

If this is not authentic literature, one would very much like to be told wherein it fails.

To those who have any lingering doubt that the life of the manual worker does not afford all the satisfactions of which existence is capable, the concluding chapters of "Brawnyman" may be confidently recommended. Brawny Jim does not often compare his own happy lot with that of the brainworker and highbrow. There was one occasion, it is true, when the sight of the bookshelves in the public library at Los Angeles suggested to him that literature "might be all right for the man who can't go out and pick up a girl and have a good time." But far more convincing than such occasional surmises are his frank relish for the animal satisfactions of life, and his thankfulness for being able to meet them with a sharpened and unimpaired appetite, thanks to his rough outdoor life.

"I had two fine suits of clothes," he records, in Los Angeles, "a grip full of underclothes, shirts, neckties, collars and socks; and I had my pick of four pretty girls whenever I wanted to dress up in my fine clothes and go out for a good time."

Toward women generally his feelings are simple, primitive and singularly void of cant.

These nice and pretty ideas about the way men and women love [he thinks] are well for high school kids, but the real thing is a lot different. Muscle and hard work and all that goes with them are natural for a man, and any real woman, I don't care how high up she is, down deep in her soul likes them better than your soft, mooty stuff. * * * The main thing that Tiva liked about me, I guess, was that I was burly and rough and would use my muscle to make her sit on my lap. . . . Any real girl likes for her man to use his muscle on her.

There is a good deal about eating. Probably for the first time, full justice is done to the sheer ecstasy that coarse and plentiful food can afford to a keen appetite and a good digestion.

I did like [Jim confesses] to sit with my eyes shut, chewing slowly, the hot juice of the meat just oozing down my throat, and the pepper making it tingle along just right. Then to put in a big forkful of mashed potatoes rich with butter, and a little bite of pickle one time and a little bite of cheese the next time, for flavoring, and to chew it all around what was left of the steak, and to follow about every three mouthfuls down with a draft of creamy, steaming coffee—this was living, I can tell you. * * * I guess I tell too much about eating anyway. But it's one of the biggest things in the life of a workingman.

Deglutation has found its Whitman, Honest Jim is the laureate of chyle.

"Brawnyman" is a strange book. The fastidious doubtless will be vaguely offended, or, what is still worse, affect an appreciation upon esthetic grounds which Jim would greet with Homeric stomach laughter.

The idealist may deplore that throughout its 300 pages, there is not the gleam of a spiritual thought nor the saving shadow of a spiritual misgiving. But in its frank exposition of life as a hefty young pagan feels it and tastes it James Stevens's new book deserves an important place among the human documents that are interpreting to us life as it is lived, and all the more so because, saving a few phrases brutal rather in their implication than in their expression, "Brawnyman" is a very clean book, and ought so easily have been something else.

Ovid's Marriage of Wit and Wisdom

***OVID AND HIS INFLUENCE.** By Edward Kennard Rand. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.*

IN a generation whose humanity is subdued by science few humanists remain, and in a science where fixity of facts leaves but a final confusion, few writings remain fixed. Yet in the writings of Ovid, whose theme, the Metamorphoses, is change, the confusion is a fixity, and in the humane learning of Mr. E. K. Rand there is a finality which is not science. In the tradition of humanists the Praise of Folly has long been wisdom, and Mr. Rand, the praiser of Ovid, seems wise, like the author praised, among grave contemporaries. The book, "Ovid and His Influence," is the history of the most critical of poets by the most poetical of critics, the modern marriage of wit and wisdom, though which the wit and which the wise man in the united Ovid and Mr. Rand it is hard to say. Indeed, in books of criticism few seem so kind, so inclusive, or so lively. In this day we expect solemnity among the learned and a sort of rapt sensibility among the poetical; to which prejudice Mr. Rand's wit and Ovid's cheerfulness seem to make the worse appear the better reason. Yet if the worse perhaps were the better reason and to be more learned were to be lighter at heart, and more poetical more sympathetic, Ovid might be taken more seriously by a cheerful generation rather than lightly by a solemn one. Then would the verse appear the bette. reason, as with Mr. Rand, all of whose wisdom is wit and whose wit is wisdom. By his splendid literary learning he unites later writers with Ovid and by his humanity unites Ovid with people, truly no difficult task with such a poet, yet difficult as Mr. Rand does it. For though Ovid said he perished by his own wit,

Ingenio perii Naso poeta mei,

yet where the book goes he will live by Mr. Rand's

Ingenio Floret Naso, magister, tui.

New Light in the Dim Caverns Of Russian History

Sir Bernard Pares Interprets the Muscovite Past in Terms of "Go East, Young Man, Go East!"

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Sir Bernard Pares, Professor of Russian in the University of London. XXIII. 526 pp. With eight Maps. Alfred A. Knopf. New York: 1926. $6.

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

"A HISTORY OF RUSSIA" by Sir Bernard Pares, Professor of Russian in the University of London, is undoubtedly the best and the most complete work on the subject that has ever been written in the English language. It is one of the rare history books which will deprive even exacting critics of the opportunity of criticising. It is not an "outline of history," that is to say, not an arbitrary projection of the author's personal likes and dislikes into the past. From the first chapter dealing with the prehistoric data on Russian Slavs, to the last, containing a summary account of the Bolshevist revolution, the author remains strictly scientific and unbiased. Yet he tells his story with such lucidity and dramatic vividness that one cannot help following it with interest and attention. Ease and assurance run through every line of it.

Sir Bernard's flawless narrative is obstructed by no footnotes, by no tiresome quotations, by no unnecessary paraphernalia of erudition. Yet one feels right away that it is based on the solid foundations of numberless sources, documents, monographs, &c. One realizes that he has waded through the Russian chronicles with their obscure old Slavonic expressions, with their touching naïveté and with the epic sincerity so characteristic of their compilers, the humble monks of the twelfth or thirteenth century. He has also studied the latest works on the Slavonic archaeology, philology and religion. Thus, the first chapter of the book is undoubtedly based on the recent works of Professor L. Niederle, the famous Czech student, who has proved with definite convincingness that the theory of the Asiatic origin of Slavs must be abandoned and that the real prehistorical Slavonic fatherland was the territory situated between the Dnieper, the Vistula and the Carpathian Mountains. Sir Bernard seems even to go further and to share the theory now rapidly gaining the recognition of European students that this territory must be considered as the prehistorical fatherland of all the Indo-European family, of Iran and India as well as of Greece and Rome. In his further narrative he follows pretty closely the principles and the deductions of Professor V. Klyuchevsky, one of the greatest

Bust of Nicolai Lenin by Clare Sheridan.

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Russian historians of the last half century. It is from him that our author has borrowed the definition of Russia's history as the gradual "colonization" of the enormous stretches situated south, east and north of the Dnieper by the Russian Slavs, a colonization which, beginning in the ninth century, was not completed until our day. Finally, passing to the nineteenth century, Sir Bernard often turns to the guidance of Professor A. Kornilov. Such

Peter the Great.

Russian history to accept the conclusions of his predecessors with fastidious discrimination and to build on them a conception of Russian history which is distinctly his own.

From the very first pages of his narrative our author brings out the peculiarities of Russian history which render it unsimilar to the history of any other European nation and without which it cannot be properly understood and grasped. First of all, he points out the fact that, talking in terms of civilisation, Russia is the back end, the least European part of Europe. Elsewhere people have grown up amid the ruins of an earlier culture—which of itself is an education. In Russia there was very little of it.

Indeed, there seems to exist a law of history which might be formulated as follows: The further from Rome and its European dominions a people lived the later it passed from the tribal order to well shaped forms of statehood. Is it not significant that on the banks of the Seine and Loire this process took place in the fifth to seventh centuries A. D., that east of the Rhine it developed in the eighth century and that in Kiev it did not begin until the ninth century?

On the other hand [our author tells us further] Russian history is in a wide sense more military than that of other countries. With few natural barriers, the great hosts from the East moved wholesale, bag and baggage, men, women and children, horses and cattle, and even habitations. Every such invading people was a vast army, torn from its bearings, holding land by no title but war, and bound to fight to a finish.

The Kiev Russia of the ninth to twelfth centuries, which, as Sir Bernard points out, attained a comparatively high cultural level, thanks to its commerce with Byzantium (the eastern source of the Roman influence) fought literally all the time against Khozars, Pechenegs, Polovtsi, &c., who emerged from Asia one after the other, and was finally overcome and ruined by them. Vladimir and Moscow, to which Russia's political centre gradually shifted, proved unable to resist the formidable forces of another emissary of Asia—the Tartars. Wars, wars and wars against Asia pouring into Europe—such were the factors which, until the end of the fifteenth century determined the fate of Russia, of this barrier and shield of Europe.

The excess of wars and the absence of Rome's civilizing influence account also for another peculiarity of Russia's history which is brought out by Sir Bernard and by some of his Russian predecessors. Russia's State institutions had literally no time to originate from within through the process of organic evolution. In the West the State gradually crystallised out of tribes in a slow and spontaneous way. In Russia it was simply superposed over the unorganised and undifferentiated mass of the people. The Russian Chronicles contain a very telling story of the origins of Russia. The Russian Slavs, this half-legendary story runs, sent in the middle of the ninth century their representatives to the Norse Viking Rurik (Hrörekr) and invited him to "come, rule and reign" over them. Rurik came and the Russian State began. Thus, it began by foreign intervention. And throughout Russia's history, it remained, as Sir Bernard puts it, "foreign to the Russian people."

The separation of Government and people [he says] has given free scope in the latter to an instinctive anarchy, which has sometimes, as in the most recent period, broken out into sheer savagery. One cannot possibly, therefore, refuse all sympathy to the efforts made by the Government, for instance in the reign of Peter I and Catherine II, to achieve the triumph of order over chaos. It is still the continuation of that struggle, of Apollo and Minerva on the one side against the Titans on the other, which inspired the gospel of the Rome of Horace.

Such are some of the main features

(Continued on Page 26)

Armaments and the League of Nations

INFORMATION ON THE REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS. By J. W. Wheeler-Bennett Jr., Secretary of the Association for International Understanding. Introduction by Major Gen. Sir Neil L. Malcolm. London: George Allen & Unwin.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS ARMAMENTS YEAR BOOK. General and Statistical Information. Geneva: Published by the League of Nations.

DEDICATED to Viscount Cecil, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's well-documented book is invaluable to those who desire to keep up with and understand the work of the League of Nations. It carries on its first page as a text President Wilson's declaration (in his address to the United States Senate on Jan. 22, 1917):

> There can be no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great preponderating armaments are henceforth to continue here and there to be built up and maintained. The statesmen of the world must plan for peace, and nations must adjust and accommodate their policy to it, as they planned for war and made ready for pitiless conquest and rivalry.

Mr. Wilson was looking beyond the war, and his critics have since said that he did not realize that the United States would be drawn into it. He was militant enough when the hour struck. But with the approaching triumph of the Allies he formulated his Fourteen Points as a basis for peace discussion, although they were not all original with him. In the fourth he called for guarantees "that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." It is fitting that Woodrow Wilson's invocation to peace, with practical safeguards against war, should have an honored place in this book, which deals with the work of the League of Nations. In an introduction General Malcolm says that it should be read "by every one who believes that one day the world will devise some better way of settling international differences than by the savage and destructive processes of war." He thinks it is high time, if the people of the world are in earnest about the consummation of peace as a world policy, that they take the trouble to inform themselves about the labors in their behalf of statesmen who have faith in the League of Nations as a federation to avert war. General Malcolm declares that until the Geneva Protocol "aroused public discussion and strong opposition" the British people themselves had but a vague idea of the obligations they had assumed in the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and acceptance of the Covenant. As a soldier he believes that "in the discussion of the past six years the problem of disarmament has received too much consideration, while that of the spirit which underlies all forms of armament has received too little." He makes this plea:

> Mere disarmament means nothing. Here, then, lies the problem of European security. Can we not devise some new ethic, some better moral code under which races of different tongue and blood may live in close community without that bitter rivalry which has hitherto always expressed itself first in armaments and ultimately in war?

The reader will not find discussion, or narrative, in the author's review of "the history of disarmament discussions from the Peace Conference of Paris to the present day." He has aimed only to prepare a record that will leave nobody an excuse for neglecting the subject. It is illuminating and suggestive, but being a compilation it will not be popular reading. Between the covers of this book may be found something about every treaty, document, report, paper, plan and resolution that has come out of discussions for peace and disarmament, whether in the Assembly of the League, the Washington Conference or a Pan-American conference. The material was so voluminous that often it had to be compressed into paragraphs, but every step taken is pointed out so that seekers of the truth may find it. It comes to this, that "Information on the Reduction of Armaments" is mainly a book of reference. The Naval Disarmament Conference at Washington occupies only three pages. A good example of the author's skill in condensation is the chapter on the work of the Peace Conference at Paris. It includes every essential. In order the proceedings of each Assembly of the League are taken up. The Second Assembly adopted a resolution proposing that the Temporary Mixed Commission go into the question of discoveries of poison gas and their possible use "in any future war." Chemical warfare was fully discussed by the Third Assembly, and much information for record was obtained. A great deal of the time of the League Assemblies has been spent upon the feasibility of limitation of armaments. Some of the drafts are published in full for comparison. The Protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes is followed by Professor Shotwell's commentary upon the American Draft Treaty.

The Draft Protocol for the Settlement of International Disputes, adopted by the Fifth Assembly Oct. 2, 1924, is compared, paragraph by paragraph, with the Draft Protocol of Arbitration and Security presented by the Joint Subcommittee of the First and Third Committees. There are certain points of difference between them, and the essential amendments are indicated. Professor Manley O. Hudson's commentary on the Geneva Protocol is included. Of importance is Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech on March 12, 1925, explaining why the British Empire could not accept the Protocol. In the appendix indispensable documents are printed. The student of the League of Nations' relation to the reduction of armaments cannot very well do without Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's compilations.

The League of Nations' Armaments Year Book (second year) is a useful volume of 1,162 pages, one of the purposes of which is to enable members of the League to exchange statistical information, mainly about military questions.

Modern Love Stories Begin at the Altar

But Otherwise the Twenty "Best" Examples of 1925 Defy Literary Litmus Paper

***THE BEST LOVE STORIES OF 1925.** Edited by Muriel Miller Humphrey. 316 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.*

By F. FRASER BOND

SOMETHING has come over the American love story. It seems to have grown up. No longer does it find its chief concern in the billings and coolings of tepid adolescents. No longer does it bother with the timid heart flutterings of the New England schoolmarm. Peter Pan has put on long trousers. The present American romance, to judge from Muriel Miller Humphrey's second annual collection, "The Best Love Stories of 1925," has a mature air about it. The heroines—even more beautiful than ever—blithely announce their age as 30 or even more! And all without batting a curling eyelash. Then, it no longer ends at the point where "they married and lived happily ever after." It begins there.

Nor is it but a sea-change that has come over the local idyl. True, a Continental influence shows itself in most of them. Overseas writers have, as a rule, long given calf love short shrift. They had no time for a callow curtain-raiser and husbanded their talents to depict the main drama. In one story, in fact, Mildred Cram's "Waters Under the Bridge," a deftly handled dinner table episode, the Continental touch seems predominant. Her Americans may have been born here, but they will have to take out spiritual citizenship papers. No, the change comes from the model, not from the artist's treatment. Fiction writers, apparently drawing from the life, find that life a different thing. And as a different thing they depict it. As the editor remarks in her preface: "Not often is marriage the culmination of high romance. Between self-control and birth-control, it appears a straight and level road with easy exits marked divorce."

In these days when fiction editors have to obey strict orders to "buy names," only the exceptional story by an unknown writer can hope to get accepted. Mrs. Humphrey must keep her eyes peeled for these exceptional stories, and it is a real tribute to the comprehensiveness of her collection and of her field of selection that the majority of the writers included are anything but household words with the American reading public. True, we have Zona Gale among those present, and also Ben Hecht. But both figure there for achievement in the particular story printed, and not for reputations in other fields or made at another time. And the range of periodicals culled from takes in The Southwest Review, All's Well, The Catholic World, The Canadian Magazine, as well as the ubiquitous Saturday Evening Post and Liberty. Collier's banks in the distinction of contributing two of the "best" love stories to one from each of its eighteen rivals on the list.

Mrs. Humphrey takes as her criterion "the theme of courageous and unmeasured affection." And if, accordingly, her selections tend to possess a common denominator, it is the truly romantic one that love stands without price, above riches, more precious than rubies. "It is not different from the love which is the kingdom of heaven and which is within us. * * * It needs a high courage and an adventurous spirit. * * * It cannot be a matter of bookkeeping." Broadly speaking, the tales divide themselves into two groups. One class goes at the job introspectively, dissects motives and analyzes the emotional content. The other objectively sets out just to tell a good story, and the love interest creeps into it all, willy-nilly. In the latter group, for instance, would fall Ben Hecht's "Lindon the Great." Here he tells of the rise of a vaudeville sensation, a super-strong man, a smashing headliner. It relies upon that plethora of appeal which the stage and things pertaining to it have for the ordinary reader. It holds out, moreover, that dazzling word "success." But although his biceps bulged and his thighs were as iron, the colossus became as clay in the hands of the woman. And though Mr. Hecht rings down the curtain on Lindro in a tiny theatre on a fourth-rate circuit, it comes down on a scene of high romance. It emerges as a love story, pure and simple, after all.

Literary litmus paper might discover a trace of routine madeness among the chosen twenty. Ordinary testing fails to discern it. Apparently those who write according to correspondence school formulas, or bow to the ukase of the movies, go at once into Mrs. Humphrey's capacious wastepaper basket. Perhaps this accounts for the absence of big names.

What will the cynic and the wisecracker make of the fact that a great proportion of this all-American line-up deals with the romance, the love story in married life? Take, for instance, the straightforward, unaffected portrayal of a lower-middle class week-end. What could be drabber, less glamourous and wholly lacking in appeal than the account of an ordinary commuter returning to his ordinary home in the suburbs and getting on with his ordinary wife? Yet in "Sunday" Fabyan Mathey reaches one of the high peaks of the book.

Gladness sings in his heart, sings in their hearts. It is Sunday, when he may rest. Today he is not bending over his desk. Today is rest. He is sitting on the porch. She is in the kitchen, standing over the stove perhaps. He is her life. She is his life.

From the "Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley." With an Introduction by C. Lewis Hind. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Told in this staccato manner, this simplest of simple narratives achieves a real poignancy. Dixie Willson, on the other hand, gains her place among the elect by a more involved technique. Her romance of marriage, "Here Y'Are, Brother," rests on a plot foundation laid by a practiced hand. It awakes a more avid interest. It creates uncertainty, suspense, surprise. It has the elements of the dramatic about it. Yet fundamentally it, too, but chronicles the miracle of everydayness. "An odd thread strings the world together. It fastens to your hand, and even you yourself don't know whom it ties to next." The use made of the commonplace, in fact, stands out as a point in the book's favor. For one of the signs of the drying up of the springs or originality in a writer is his failure to see "copy" in the life around him, and the desire to venture far afield after the exotic and the bizarre.

Nevertheless, we must roll back the centuries if we would find the book's chief novelty. In the bright illumination shed by A. E. P. B. Weigall's "The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," Stephen French Whitman has written something new and fresh and sparkling of the two immortal lovers by the Nile. Under the title, "That Famous Love Affair," he gives us the private life of Cleopatra of Egypt. She and Antony had been married a decade. Though no longer young, Mr. Whitman paints her still as dainty, elegant, flawless. "She still appeared nearly girlish because of two great treasures that she had not lost, her sense of humor and her audacity." The present story makes a point of illustrating both traits. From this sympathetic study Cleopatra emerges as a new creature. We find no trace of the hoyden of Shaw, no hint of the wanton of tradition. In the scene in the nursery of the palace when Antony lumbers around as Hannibal's elephant with the royal children screaming with delight upon his back, domesticity reaches the nth. So might Albert have romped in one of the rounded towers of Royal Windsor; so might Victoria have relaxed in an off moment from affairs of State. If the love story in the present case lacks the glow of passion associated with its beginning, it remains a love story none the less. It chronicles the affection that weathers even disillusionment. Daily the Queen sees Marc Antony deteriorate before her eyes. The athlete's body grew flabby: "the victorious General had grown indulgent." But though through indolence and wine we see "his pride reduced to bombast, his force of will crumbled to self-distrust," he still retains much of the Antony charm. She doubts his ability to aid her imperial designs, yet her love remains.

There is nothing of the shrew in the married Cleopatra. True, she upbraids him for his drinking, but with the humorous reference to his roystering: "You were not in very good voice at daybreak this morning." We find much instead of the housewife. She keeps tab on the kitchens.

They have been using Carian honey in the cooking. Have the bees of Hybla stopped working? No; but somebody is turning a dishonest penny in this house. And what's the matter with the pastry lately? * * *

The chief cook is ill, ventured Iras.

He has evidently been sampling the food intended for me.

Mr. Whitman has something quite new here—this domestic and maternal side to Cleopatra. Genuinely moving is his delineation of her affection for her son by Caesar, the young Caesarean, "her hope and prayer, her reason nowadays, for everything."

But of course youth must be served. And if the tendency of the present collection indicates a putting up of the age limit for romance, the oldsters haven't everything their own way. Briskly in a new-fashioned old-fashioned manner, May Edginton tells of a "Young Man's Fancy." Now the time was not the Spring, but Christmas. The hero didn't hail from America but from Rhodesia. But he was a quick worker all the same. "Is it impossible for our authors to give us the new-fashioned love story?" Mrs. Humphrey asks in her preface. Her chosen few have answered her, each in his own way.

But one thing is certain. Those who come to "The Best Love Stories of 1925" to jeer will remain to be interested. The tales have for the most part the true narrative sweep to them which carries the reader forward in its rush. They show little of the stereotyped in design and handling. Many of them have charm, radiance and a depth of feeling. The publishers make by no means a correct editorial comment on the contents by binding the book in—mauve.

Pink Blossoms of Two Hardy Annuals

***THE AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK.** By the Labor Research Department of the Rand School of Social Science. 371 pp. New York: Rand School of Social Science. $3.*

***THE AMERICAN LABOR WHO'S WHO.** By Solon De Leon. 323 pp. New York: Hanford Press. $5.*

ARMED with these two reference books, reporters, editorial writers and publicists need have no fear of committing technical errors when handling labor matters. And this holds good for foreign as well as American subjects, as the word American is used to qualify the publishers and most of the purchasers of these volumes, not the character of their entire contents. This year, however, the Year Book devotes only about 100 pages to foreign affairs, against some 150 in 1925, when the total number of pages was but 488. Of the 1,500 biographical sketches in the Labor Who's Who, 300 are of non-Americans. In view of the international character of the labor movement, both on the political and economic fields, such comprehensiveness is a matter of course.

In addition to listing practically every labor union, radical political organization and cooperative in the country, with the names and addresses of their national, State and local officers in the Year Book, Director Solon De Leon and his associate, Nathan Fine, have written brief histories of these bodies' activities during 1925 and have also summarized the principal events bearing materially upon the life of the people in general and of the workers in particular. Special attention is paid to the anthracite strike and the general situation in the soft-coal industry. Court decisions and legislation directly affecting labor are treated in some detail, while the "rapid growth of labor banking and workers' education call for considerable space.

A new feature of the Year Book is the insertion of a list of important dates in labor history between the calendar of labor conventions of 1926 and the international labor diary of 1925. This list begins with 1776 and the Declaration of Independence and then jumps to 1786, the year of the first recorded American strike, one called by Philadelphia printers, and of Shay's Rebellion of workers and farmers against high taxes and the exactions of creditors in Massachusetts. From it one learns that the first known labor paper in the world was The Mechanics' Free Press, founded in Philadelphia in 1828, the same year that the Workingmen's Party, the first American local labor party, was organized in that city. The list comes down to the end of 1924.

In the foreign field not only are data give on all the internationals, but each country is taken up individually and its labor history in 1925 briefly recounted. Tables are presented showing the strength of the labor and Socialist parties in the various Parliaments and the membership of trade unions of every variety.

The task of getting together the biographical facts for the first Labor Who's Who was not an easy one, judging from the introductory note. Many men well known to their brothers in the labor movement, but not to the general public, shrank from giving the details of their more or less eventful careers, in some cases because they feared victimization and in others because they were naturally modest and thought no one cared to know much about them. The compilers of Who's Who in America, after which the Labor Who's Who is modeled, have occasionally had similar experiences.

With but one or two exceptions, the labor and Socialist agitators and writers who left the Socialist Party following the entry of the United States into the World War because of what they considered its anti-patriotic attitude, are conspicuous by their absence from the Labor Who's Who. On the other hand, nearly all the ex-Socialists turned Communist are there.

A Dutch Art Gallery in Book Form In a Study of Van Welie

Camille Mauclair Gives an Expert Appraisal of the Work of the Painter From 's-Hertogenbosch

***ANTOON VAN WELIE.** By Camille Mauclair. Paris: Henri Laurens.*

By HENRIETTE HENDRIX-HOLST

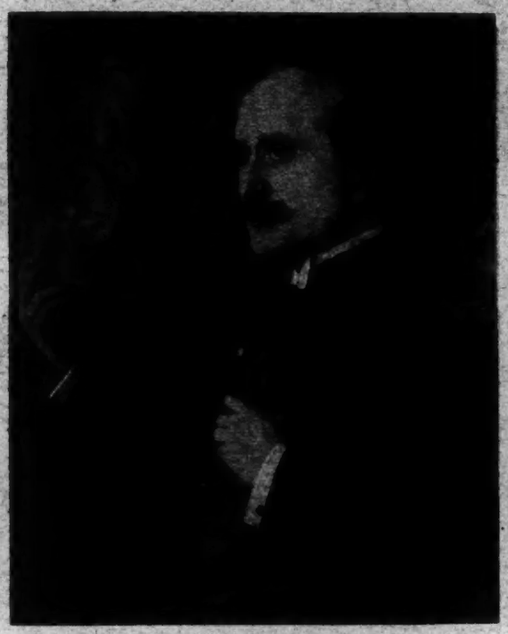
AN hour's perusal of this fine work gives as much delight as a visit to many European galleries and private collections could afford. It is true that in those galleries and collections one could see the pictures in their original colors as Antoon van Welie painted them, but the 116 reproductions combined in the book give a clearer insight into his work than an occasional visit could possibly do. Moreover, Camille Mauclair has analysed and explained van Welie's art in an admirable manner, with perfect understanding of its psychic and psychologic qualities, adding so many of his own ideas on art that the book is not only a treasure of beauty but also a source of instructive information.

The first chapter gives the story of the painter's life, relating how van Welie lived and worked in 's-Hertogenbosch, a small town in the south of Holland, "almost as medieval, noble and pious as Bruges." He loved solitude, poetry, legends, was extremely sensitive, had a great love for old masters and was truly religious. He was of delicate health and had a sad time when a young man, losing almost simultaneously his sister and a friend whom he had secretly considered as his betrothed. All this may have influenced him to create such delicate compositions as "Love's Melody," "Sorrow," "The Page and the Princess," which betray intense melancholy but at the same time resignation, as if the sadness of life has found a compensation in beauty.

When he exhibited in Antwerp his work was admired by Anatole France, who induced him to show his work also in Paris. Fame began to come. His portraits were of human beings vibrating with inner life, and orders came from all parts of the world. He became a wanderer; lived now in Rome, where in 1905 he was asked to paint Pope Pius X; then in Paris, where he became intimate with the greatest artists of this time, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, Rostand and others; returned to Holland, where he painted many prominent people, was called to London, where he exhibited in the Goupil Gallery and the Royal Academy; then went to Rome again, where he was asked to make a portrait of Pope Benedict XV and later of Pope Pius XI.

M. Mauclair compares van Welie's earliest works to those of the Pre-raphaelites and describes "Love's Melody" as a work without faults, worthy of being hung in a museum, where it will touch—regardless of times and fashions—every one who loves love, music and twilight. Then, speaking of portraits, the author says:

> I am writing this work at a period in which the art of portrait painting has absolutely degenerated. I mean with this that the object of making a physical and moral study of a model has been discarded and replaced by the object of painting a picture with the model as basis. Separating the two ideas of individuality and plastic interpretation, however interesting this may be, has been so much exaggerated that the result is a loss of equilibrium.
>
> He holds impressionism responsible for this loss, and also the supreme contempt that artists have for the exactness of photographic resemblance. But, according to him, a portrait must in the first place give the characteristics of the model and not of the painter.
>
> The artist must not be led by his ambition to compose a picture that will bring him fame, for which a human being assisted him, lending his outward shape. He must do whatever he can and use all his capacities to make of the human being a living person, who draws all the attention to himself. The summit of the art of the portrait painter must be that one does not think of him, or rather that one thinks of him later, much later. The more he remains in the background the more he will be admired afterward for his cleverness to draw all the attention to his model. It is the same thing that Flaubert recommended: the author should never draw the attention to himself but to the creatures of his imagination. Meaning the same thing, Whistler told me once that sometimes it took thirty sittings to paint a portrait, but only at the last one he would be able to efface all the traces of his detailed labor of preparation, so that it would seem that his work had come to existence by itself, and was not made by any one.



Edmond Rostand.

In the Jeu de Paume Museum.

Mauclair then explains that in van Welie's work he has found the same high ideals; that therefore the artist stands isolated in our modern time and is sometimes called conventional.

But the point is that van Welie in the first place remembers his model. He does not begin a new work with the idea that he is "going to make another van Welie"; on the contrary, he forgets that he has ever painted; he is interested only in the new human being he has to study, to get thoroughly acquainted with, whose soul he has to fathom.

Let me add here that when I visited the painter in his New York studio, to renew an acquaintance of twenty years ago, and saw the four portraits he was working at, I was struck by the difference of his models: Prince Paul of Greece, a young man, placed in an exceptionally peculiar position, boyish, on the threshold of life; Mr. Baruch, elderly, remarkable, important, artistic; the Princess Matchabelli, beautiful, intellectual, a woman who has lived, and a young girl, a débutante, inexperienced, expecting everything from life. * * * When I asked him whether one model did not attract him much more than another, he answered: "No; when I begin to paint, every human being is a new wonder for me, and I always love to solve the mystery. Every individual is marvelous, splendid, great, no matter what place it has in life." And then I understood how it is possible that a man who has painted royalties on thrones, royalties of the stage, stars of poetry, music and dance, philosophers and scientists, diplomats and magnates in the realm of industry, could also make a beautiful composition of a simple child, of a seemingly unimportant person, of a nobody. Because he mixes his colors with love and understanding and enthusiasm, and with these he is able to call forth the noblest qualities in his models.

Mauclair ends his admirable work with the assertion that Antoon van Welie is one of the greatest living portrait painters, and if Holland does not recognize him as such yet, the time will come when she is sure to do so.

In Holland Antoon van Welie takes the same place in art that Couperus held in literature. Both are somewhat too subtle and refined for the solid average Dutchman; both have been away from their native country too much to mix with fellow artists and belong to clubs of mutual admiration, both hold themselves aloof and devoted themselves to their chosen work, regardless of fashions and conventions. Couperus—being dead—has at last been recognized in Holland as a genius. For Antoon van Welie the time will come.

Mr. Paris Writes Again of Japan

***BANZAI.** By John Paris. 312 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.*

EAST is East * * *" &c., but if the twain shall never meet, at least there are times when they have to endure each other's presence, and again Mr. Paris has chosen such an occasion as the background for a new novel. The principal character of "Banzai" is a young Jap, who drifts through his native country and finally into exile, always uneasy and in revolt, a habitual rolling stone. Mr. Ono (for such, despite occasional puns, is the hero's name), in his dislike for Japanese customs, enables the author to picture many of the unpleasant sides of Japanese life. Mr. Paris describes in an authoritative manner the brutality of Japanese family life, the Prussian rigidity of life in the schools and universities, the (to an Occidental) sordidness of Japanese sexual relationships. Seldom has there been available such a valid account of the manners and customs of the inscrutable Oriental. But when one has finished the book, when one knows exactly how a young Jap reaches the age of maturity, when one realizes the relative position of the "geisha" girl and of the wife in the life of a Japanese man, when one discovers what on Oriental does, and how and when he does it—one suddenly realizes that one has no more comprehension than before of the Oriental mind. Mr. Paris is thoroughly conversant with the habits of the Japs; he has no idea how their minds work, and much of the charm of this book lies in his readiness to admit the fact. The more intimate is one's knowledge of the Japs, the more incomprehensible does their psychology become.

In his tales of Oriental life, Mr. Paris has developed a unique source from which to obtain literary material. Like his two previous novels, "Kimono" and "Sayonara," "Banzai" combines the intriguing novelty of atmosphere of a first-rate book of travel with the exciting plot and characterization of a good novel. In addition, the portrayal of the contrasts between Oriental and Occidental customs lends to the book a certain philosophic flavor that is far from the least of its attractions.

Ono, according to the author, "was not a typical Japanese, but he was a Japanese type, all the same. The typical Japanese is orderly, stay-at-home, conservative and respectful toward social obligations and authority in any form; his individuality is repressed in the service of his family or his clan. But this Japanese, Ono, had no clan, no family, no country even. He was a rolling stone, an adventurer, and, in the language of his own people, a 'ronin' —that is to say, a 'wave-man' or 'masterless man.' Ono once summed up his difficulties in the world when he admitted, 'All my life I wanting to be "compishous" and to make some great sound in the world.'"

Such a strange ambition at once branded him as "queer," in a country where self-abnegation was first among virtues. Throughout his early life every one was determined to beat this nonconformist spirit out of him. His father, trussing the boy up to a rafter by the heels before he pounded him into a state of unconsciousness, had decided that he must either beat the life or the rebellion out of this wayward son—he came much closer to the former than to the latter. His schoolmates tried the same remedy when they tied him up in a sack, kicked him until he was unconscious and then barbarously rolled him down a long flight of stairs. Ono took such treatment as a matter of course; it confirmed him in his disrespect for convention, but never did it cow him. His principal emotion after such an episode was a cold and calculating desire for revenge. When the opportunity presented itself, he crept up behind his chief tormentor in school and hit him fiercely over the head with a baseball bat. He was relieved when his victim did not die—that obviated the necessity of his being punished for the deed.

All of Ono's education was not as sordid or as brutal as such incidents would indicate. His mother had a deep affection for him—an emotion which he often exploited, rather unscrupulously. At the university which he attended in Tokio, he found a real friend and benefactor. In his bohemian life, after leaving the university, he had several pleasant friendships; but primarily Ono was a misfit. He could never settle down to enjoy life quietly. In turn, he became a sailor, an author, a hotel manager, a newspaper correspondent, an agitator and an exile.

In his description of this fascinating rogue, Mr. Paris has created a character of distinction. Ono is as real and tangible an individual as if one had known him all one's life, yet somehow he is still the personification of the inscrutable Oriental. One does not understand him any more than one does a Japanese servant in this country.

Mr. Paris must be congratulated upon the combination of delightful qualities that he succeeds in getting into his novels. It is rare that a single book can provide such a variety of entertainment. Not since "Kim" has the Orient provided Occidental literature with such an intriguing character.

"La Dame au Masque." Portrait of Mrs. Adams Beck.

In the Adams Beck Collection, Canada. Two of the Illustrations From "Antoon van Welie."

Two Figures From "Early Book Illustration in Spain."
By James P. R. Lyell. (Grafton & Co., London, Publishers.)

Mental Fascism in an Attack on British Shibboleths

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW: The Testing Period of the White Race. By J. H. Curie. London: Methuen. 6s net.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

THIS is a curious and interesting book. Though essentially not original in aim or in information, it may at first sight appear original in the way it approaches what the author calls "the testing period of the White Race." His way of treating his subject is not, however, fundamentally original.

It is only in his method of presentation that Mr. Curie appears to be a discoverer. He puts on his title-page a quotation from Huxley:

> There is no alleviation to the suffering of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe with which pious hands have hidden its uglier features has been stripped off.

But this, though true, is certainly not new. "The truth shall set you free" was the teaching of our Lord, and it is a doctrine of universal application.

The summary which the author—or his publishers—puts on the wrapper of his book informs us that the works is—

> A survey of mankind which shows the whites of Western Europe, the cause of their balance and their originating brain, to be the best hope of the world. But at the height of their achievement they are seen to be surrounded by dangers—such as overpopulation, the coming economic struggle, the hatred of the colored world, the make-believe called democracy, and, most serious of all, the degeneration of their blood through breeding from the unfit—which, if not resolutely faced, must lead to certain downfall. How these dangers can best be faced and overcome is the main theme of this book.

I will deal with these magnificent—I almost said gallant and gay—generalities in their order.

I agree with the proposition that the best hope of the world is with the white races of Western Europe, and for the reason given—namely, because of their balance—that is, their ability to study all views and to trim the boat between them. Equally sound is the attribution to them of that quality which Mr. Curie calls "their originating brain," but which I should prefer to call their imaginative and creative faculty. The white races have more power than the meditative Eastern races of projecting themselves and their thoughts forward, and so of realizing and understanding which seed will come to fruition and which will be of no avail. The white races are not content to throw up their cards because of the apparent impossibility of getting rid of the fatalistic dilemma, or of combating the iron chain of causation which seems to hold us in its grip. The Oriental, no doubt, is obliged, like the Western, to act as if he had the free will which he in theory denies; but there is ever before him the belief that what is written in the Book of Fate will happen. It is true that we white men are fond of the determinist formula. "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be"; but somehow or other it does not affect our lives. Though we may not in theory believe in inspiration—i. e., in external impulses which have nothing to do with the chain of causation—we, as a matter of fact, act on the inspirational basis. The result is that our minds are much less sterile than those of the Oriental. We have more initiative, more hope, and so a deeper understanding. It is true that on the mystical side the Oriental is to some extent an inspirationist, but his mysticism has always an anodyne quality in it.

I have also no quarrel with Mr. Curie's view as to the danger of overpopulation; but it is surely an overstatement to speak in such wide terms of the hatred of the colored world by the whites. What is called hatred would be much more scientifically described as inability to get en rapport with the colored man.

My attempt to differentiate between hatred and misunderstanding may at first sight seem subtle, pedantic, or even sophistical, but I think there is real importance in the distinction and that reflection will establish it.

I now come to my points of difference with Mr. Curie. I believe as positively as one can believe anything that when Mr. Curie and the very large number of people of whom he is here the representative talk about "the make-believe called democracy" they are talking nonsense. True democracy is not a make-believe.

It is just, it is reasonable and it is convenient when there is a conflict of opinion among the different people in a community to say that we must count heads and go by the wishes of the majority. The majority must decide whether the village pump is to be painted red or blue. It may be very stupid to say that it is to be painted red; but it is better to let the reds carry it than to have a fight over the matter—a fight which is based upon the assumption that the blues know better what the color ought to be than do their opponents. If there were a perfectly clear dividing line in ordinary human affairs between right and wrong, and if the assumption that the blue view is always the true one could not be gainsaid, then, no doubt, it ought to prevail. But in most matters who dare make such assumptions. The fact that Jones and Smith believe themselves to be in the right, and believe Robinson, Brown and Black to be wrong, is merely an example of people setting up to be judges in their own causes. The exercise of the will of the majority may, of course, have bad results; but, on the whole, experience shows that it has better results than the will of the minority—which is the alternative. In the case of majority rule, the minority have, at any rate, the opportunity to use reason and persuasion to turn themselves into a majority. In the case of minority rule, such a course is by the very nature of things not open. A ruling minority has got to keep its power by physical force. It has no other way. So much for my differences with Mr. Curie.

I am entirely with him when he says that the most serious of all the trials and difficulties of the white race is "the degeneration of their blood through breeding from the unfit." Even if the biologist is able to some extent to "counter" him with the declaration that every new baby born starts physically with a new chance, the fact still remains that the bringing up of these babies will as a rule be in the hands of degenerates, physical and mental.

Mr. Curie finally tells us that the main theme of his book is to show how these dangers can be best faced and overcome. I cannot meet him in detail throughout, but, speaking generally, I believe that most of his remedies are as faulty as his diagnosis, though I hasten to say that his remedies are thoroughly well meant, and incidentally many of them have a good deal of good sense. An example of what appears to me to be his utter wrong-headedness is his declaration:

> Indiscriminate, free education must work havoc with human affairs. It is everywhere bringing about discontent. Millions of the educated mediocre are turned out each year, demanding the good jobs and the genteel billets. But the good jobs remain few; they go, as a rule, to the really capable, and the millions, increasingly as the years pass by, take upon themselves the cast of bitterness and jealousy. Nor do they often stop at that. The modern State is honeycombed with enemies whom it has educated free of cost. Unable to assimilate true knowledge, yet determined upon self-expression, such men and women become labor agitators, ultra-Socialists, Communists, fomenters of every kind of strife, hating all that is superior, and secretly bent on pulling the whole structure down. The very teachers themselves, who are poorly paid and live by routine, are often found among the bitter and disillusioned; their influence upon the students can be imagined.
>
> Free education is also saddling the State more and more with parasites; that is to say, with men and women who acquire enough cunning to despise manual labor, and who try to earn a living without hard work. Take note of the growing army of third-rate musicians, singers, painters, writers, actors, and cinema supers; tipsters, touts, and the flotsam of the racecourse; beauty specialists, herbalists, occultists, and quacks of a hundred varieties; the army of small, inefficient shopkeepers; and most of all the army of middlemen and commission agents (the astutest type of parasite), who batten on the genuine producers from the beginning to end and greatly increase the cost of living.
>
> The conclusion must be that free education is a two-edged sword. For the right people it is the highest boon we can give; for the wrong, who are in a majority, a waste of time and money. An illiterate peasant, producing food, or some useful material, is a better citizen, and probably a happier man, than a labor agitator, a theatrical super, a quack herbalist, or the keeper of some trivial shop—any one of whom may be his half-educated brother or sister. If there must be free education, let us only give the grounding to one and all; let us reserve anything higher than that as a prize to be worked for, an honor bestowed by the State on brains and character.

I cannot conceive anything more fallacious, or mischievous, or more dangerous than this view.

When Mr. Curie goes on to say that discontent makes for bitterness, jealousy and anarchy, he is palpably wrong. Much the most bitter and injurious revolutions that the world has ever known have been those which have taken place in States full of ignorant men and women. Peasant revolts have always been the scenes of the greatest cruelty, bloodshed, and destruction. Take as proof post-war history.

There is a luciferous story worth recording on this point. Some years after the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck, accompanied by Count Schuvaloff, the Russian statesman and diplomat, was riding down the lines of troops being "ranked" and "ordered" for a great imperial review. They saw the German officers beating their men into an exact alignment with the flats of their swords, and kicking and cursing them till tears of misery and humiliation could be seen rolling down the cheeks of their wretched victims. Schuvaloff, the Russian diplomat, turned to his host and said, "We couldn't do that in Russia. Our peasants, if treated like that, would kill their officers where they stood." Bismarck's reply was characteristically brutal—"Oh! we have no trouble here. All this canaille have been to the university." As educated men they saw that a sudden outbreak would do no good, and must lead to death. Education is an anodyne, not a provocative stimulant.

To say that free education is saddling the State more and more with parasites is preposterous. The parasitic man is the man who flourishes in autocracies and tyrannies. Mr. Curie has a perfect right to say, and in many ways I should agree with him, that we give the wrong education; but education full and free we must have if we are to prevent a return to anarchy and tyranny. Look at America! Taken as a whole, that is the best educated country in the world, even better than Germany, for it has civic and political as well as literary education. Yet without doubt the social order there is more stably constituted than anywhere else in the world.

I must not leave Mr. Curie's naïve, and yet suggestive and stimulating, book without noting his warning as to the deep hatred of the whites which has developed among the black and yellow peoples. That is a serious fact, and based, I fear, on something essential and primordial. Else, how came it that mankind drifted apart into the three divisions of white, yellow and black, each with its own lands, isolated so strictly that for many centuries there was little or nothing that could be called intercourse. Each color area remained self-contained. That seems to indicate some underlying negative force or repulsion. The problem before us is, Can we overcome this, or is there another modus vivendi?

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Paris Acclaims Paul Valéry's "Rhumbs"

PARIS.

PAUL VALERY has published, simultaneously, a new edition of his volume of poetry, "Charms"—to which he has added a new poem, the second of the "Fragments of Narcissus"—and a collection of miscellaneous notes entitled "Rhumbs." The dictionary defines "rhumb" as "the angular magnitude between any two of the thirty-two points of the compass." Like the sailor, Paul Valéry does not care to travel without a definite aim, but likes precise orientation of his thoughts.

This great poet is also a profound thinker and a philosopher of lofty intellect, thoroughly grounded in the most abstract sciences and permeated with the scientific spirit. And herein lies his great originality and the significance of his rôle—or, if you prefer, of his message.

Where his poetry is concerned he is connected with the symbolist school and represents an advanced form of art which the layman can approach only with difficulty. Most of our contemporary poets who are addicted to this esthetic exclusiveness also go in for mystic and irrational theories or aspirations. Rationalist philosophers and scientists usually prefer more conventional and rather bourgeois art—that is, if they are at all interested in literature and do not simply fall into what I call dry rationalism.

M. Paul Valéry reveals that one may admire and even give artistic realization to the most subtle and delicate beauty and yet remain true to science and reason. He even believes—and rightly—that logically we cannot have one without the other; that is, that the highest art cannot exist without intelligence, which, again, is incomplete without the former. For the human spirit has a fundamental unity the result of which is a very close relationship between its greatest works.

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THIS doctrine, which has not been —and still is not—fashionable in this day of intuitionism and sentimental obscurantism, represents our only chance of salvation from the mental degeneration that menaces modern civilisation. Philosophers like Hegel and Taine professed this integral intellectualism; but they were only philosophers—men of letters eyed them askance, and the rest of the world did not know them. M. Paul Valéry, a great artist and now universally recognised as such (even by the French Academy, which gave him the chair of Anatole France), is not content merely to teach these saving truths. He demonstrates them by his own living example; and far the majority of his readers this is the best form of propaganda.

Let me add that this highly original author has none the less had predecessors and masters, and that he grasps every opportunity to proclaim his admiration of them: Chief among them are your Edgar Allan Poe and our Stéphane Mallarmé. But Mallarmé remains unknown or unrecognised by the great majority, and Poe died in 1849, if I am not mistaken. Much more a part of the present, and very much alive, exalted by the voice of the critics, of connoisseurs, and even of the Institute, M. Paul Valéry is coming to exercise more and more of an ever stronger influence. To me his return to the literary world in 1917 with "The Young Fate," after a studious retirement of twenty years, and the swift rise of his fame with "Charms," "Eupalinos" and "Miscellany," seem the most fortunate and most fruitful literary events of our time.

"Rhumbs" is a charming and powerful little book, fully worthy of its renowned author. It would be almost impossible to analyze in a few lines a collection of thoughts on the most various subjects. From travel impressions and picturesque sketches, in which one feels the keen strokes that recall Degas, Paul Valéry goes on to thoughtful views on literary or metaphysical matters, where all the penetrating lucidity of his forceful mind is revealed. He despises vagueness above all. He pokes fun in most jolly fashion at the "Man with Leanings Toward Vagueness," who in the eyes of the mob (and even of some of the self-styled élite) is the most valuable and most important of all men. This "Man With Leanings Toward Vagueness" reminds me of the Chief of Delicate Odors in Gustave Flaubert's "Salammbo," whose author also was a firm intellectualist.

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PAUL VALERY indicates the conquests of science on the ancient vague ground of common sense, whose anthropomorphic and anthropocentric illusions it destroys. Since Copernicus and Descartes (who demolished the physics of Aristotle and St. Thomas of Aquinas) the greatest step in this direction has been made by Einstein. M. Paul Valéry admires Einstein, whose essential Cartesianism M. Emile Meyerson has emphasized in his recent book on the theory of relativity. The professional philosopher Meyerson and the poet Paul Valéry agree in regarding Descartes as the greatest philosophic genius of all times.

The idolatrous idea of pure nature, of the primitive, of the spontaneous, which has come to us through Bergson from Jean-Jacques Rousseau, has not won a convert in M. Paul Valéry, who sees dangerous equivocation in it. Nothing is pure, primitive, or virginal in nature, ancient and composite as it is: The sea, the trees, the suns, the flowing streams —all these are products; everything is artificial. Why, therefore, rail against the products of our intelligence? The mistaken worshipers of Nature, so-called, actually are enemies of the human mind.

On specifically literary matters M. Paul Valéry has many new and striking observations to make. Here, again, he defends intellect and

J. C. Squire.

knowledge, which make up the solid basis of what is pretentiously called inspiration. There you may trace M. Paul Valéry's affinity with the Edgar Allan Poe of "The Genesis of a Poem." M. Paul Valéry makes a very curious distinction between classic and modern art. Seventeenth century literature is always adapted to a group of people. The speeches of Racine are as from the mouth of a living person. But with Victor Hugo, with Mallarmé and some others (including, particularly, M. Paul Valéry himself), literature seems a divinity of language—impersonal, independent, and all-powerful. "It is the faculty of speech that speaks; and, speaking, becomes intoxicated; and, intoxicated, dances." In the last analysis this magnificent concept leads back to Plato's ideas (in the special Platonic sense of the expression). In closing, let me point out, for the benefit of the Hugophobes, the exalted position M. Paul Valéry here assigns to Victor Hugo.

PAUL SOUDAY.

What Londoners Read In the Strike

LONDON.

THE slogan of the opponents of the reformed calendar, "Give us back our eleven days," might appropriately be raised just now by British publishers. While the strike was on, the production of new books was completely halted. Owing to the decision of the Trades Union Council to call out the printing and allied trades, every process, from typesetting to binding, was at a standstill. There was also a virtual embargo on distribution. Not a book could be moved from the publishers' warehouses to the retailers' stores or to the circulating libraries. Rail and motor transport was fully occupied with the carriage of food and other essential supplies. The parcel post was suspended, and the normal limit of two pounds weight for "printed papers" was reduced to eight ounces.

The booksellers' shops, of course, remained open, but not much business was done. People were uneasy about the financial situation that would result from the strike, and were afraid to launch out into any but essential expenditure. What sales were effected were mainly in cheap fiction. One London bookseller had to meet a sudden demand for blood-and-thunder detective stories. Purchasers told him they wanted something with a plot in it to make them forget the strike. For some mysterious reason there was also a great run on the 3s. 6d. edition of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels. The suspension of the parcel post hit the booksellers even harder than the publishers. They were unable to fill any mail orders received on the eve of the trouble. Every one who sets high store upon the appearance of his shelves will be shocked to hear of the behavior of some customers. These persons actually asked the booksellers to take off the bindings from the volumes they had ordered, and to cut up the contents and dispatch them in separate instalments within the eight ounce limit!

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AFTER all the greatest injury suffered by publishers—and in this lies, of course, authors will bear a share—will, perhaps, be due to the temporary cessation of reviewing. All books whose production was interrupted by the strike will appear sooner or later, and their chances will be little, if anything, the worse for the delay. Indeed, the strike may actually add to the number of the publications of 1926. Already it is announced that Hamilton Fyfe, the editor of The Daily Herald, has been utilising his enforced leisure, while his paper was out of commission, in writing a book entitled "Behind the Scenes of the Great Strike," which will be issued by the Labor Publishing Company within a week or two. But nothing can make up for the entire lack of reviews while the struggle was on. The Times Literary Supplement and most of the other literary weeklies disappeared below the horizon for a fortnight.

Collectors of journalistic curiosities are preserving, as amusing souvenirs, some of the typographical oddities that had to serve as newspapers during these chaotic days. One of these, at least, has a certain literary interest. The irrepressible J. C. Squire, whose home is in southwest Surrey, brought out a two-page daily for the benefit of his friends and neighbors. This production ought not to be overlooked by his future bibliographer, and no doubt it will not escape the attention of those who are bitten by the first edition craze.

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IF they have the inclination, judges and lawyers can tell us a good deal about human nature. J. A. R. Cairns, a magistrate of the Thames police court, has an aptitude for literary work of this kind. A book he published not long ago on "The Leom of the Law" contained some interesting studies of the various types of people he has had to deal with. He is about to follow this up with a series of sketches entitled "Dramas of Drab Street." The inner life of the Royal Courts of Justice is to be displayed in "Law Courts, Lawyers and Litigants," by Frederick Payler, which will not only give an account of the methods of these tribunals but will include many lively anecdotes revealing litigation in its personal aspects. Richard Harris's "Hints on Advocacy" has reached its sixteenth edition, and now has an introduction by Judge Parry.

J. B. Priestley is about to provide material for the critics, as his first novel is to be published in the Fall . . . There is to appear another posthumous work of W. L. George's, entitled "Children of the Morning" and described as partly a fantasy and partly a sociological study . . . Doris Westwood is about to give us a diary of a season's work at the famous "Old Vic" theatre under the title "These Players" . . . A. E. Housman is not only a poet but a university professor of Latin, and he has just prepared a new edition of Lucan's "Pharsalia" . . . Lord Chalmers, a former Governor of Ceylon and one of our leading authorities on the Pali language, has completed his "Further Dialogues of the Buddha." . . . "Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt," by Professor Frederick Soddy, will propound a new economic theory . . . The sixth and final volume of Avray Tipping's "English Homes" is now announced. It will cover the period from 1760 to 1820 . . . An English dictionary will be the next volume added to Everyman's Library . . . Mr. and Mrs. Acton Bond have produced a new reciter, which introduces newcomers like Thomas Hardy, Hilaire Belloc, Robert Graves, W. H. Davies and Vachel Lindsay, but omits Byron and Campbell.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

M. Herriot Retails Some Norman Cider

DANS LA FORET NORMANDE. By Edouard Herriot. Paris: Librairie Hachette.

WHEN M. Herriot is not unengaged in the arduous duties of Premier of France, President of the Chamber of Deputies, leader of the Radicals or Mayor of Lyons, he writes books. His latest, called "In the Norman Forest," contains five sketches based on the Norman land, its people and its history, and a sixth long paper on Jean-Paul Marat and Charlotte Corday. This last finds its way into the present volume through the ties of Charlotte Corday with the old French province, for it was from Caen that she set out on the journey that was to take her to Paris, to Marat's apartment, to prison and the guillotine.

This section of the book in its "actualité" throws the other sketches a little into the shade. M. Herriot is not a historian and not a literary man, but by long experience in practical politics he knows something of the mind of the sans-culotte, the Girondist and the royalist of yesterday, today and forever. He thus approaches the terrible "Ami du Peuple" of the French Revolution with certain advantages over the mere student of documents. Marat, he remarks, still lacks his impartial judge. English readers will think first of the strange figure of Carlyle's "French Revolution," speaking his threats from dark hiding places. It has been left to the modern Communists, the Bolsheviki, to make a hero of Marat, and in certain striking points he resembles the Moscow school.

Marat did not think of the magical phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat," but he had something very much like that in mind when he demanded a dictatorship of one citizen (himself) or a triumvirate, for was not the "friend of the people," the chosen voice of the proletariat? In this demand for a dictatorship he parted company with Danton and Robespierre, and his demand failed. Again, like the modern Bolsheviki, Marat was always calling on the people to take the law into their own hands. When supplies were short and famine threatened he told the Parisians to resort to pillage. Between Marat's appeals to violence and the September massacres, Herriot finds a close relation. "The responsibility," he says, "may be divided, but it remains for Marat overwhelming."

Marat [Herriot continues] appeals only to the vilest instincts and precisely because we have defended him against unjust calumnies, we abandon him freely to the reprobation which his attitude toward Sept. 2 and 3 deserves. * * * After those days he [Marat] smells of blood. Let no one say effort was impossible against the popular madness; some men, Dusaul and Basire, for example, tried. Danton saved some heads.

After the terrible scenes in the convention, following the massacres, when Marat faced the accusations of his enemies and calmly proclaimed his doctrine of a dictatorship, he ceased to be counted as a republican. "Par avance, il bolcheuise," Herriot remarks. The outbreak had divided the revolutionists—the Departments against the Commune and Paris. "What political stupidity, in addition to its barbarity, is violence!" Herriot exclaims, seeming to look to the extreme Left of French politics of today.

Marat's violence brought about his own undoing.

A pamphleteer of this sort, a man of this resolution, condemns himself to death. Events or chance will decide the hour at most.

M. Herriot outlines a lifelike portrait of this man who appears so strange and unnatural in history. Marat, with the exalted egotism that was the characteristic mark of all he did and thought, really did regard himself as the "friend of the people" and he succeeded in getting the great mass of the people of Paris so to regard him. The best that can be said for Marat in M. Herriot's opinion is this:

A man of greater energy never existed. And this is not to withhold condemnation of his cruelties, his repugnant cruelties, of the odiousness of his appeals to violence (Sept. 2, Feb. 25). It is not to excuse him for the pride with which even his persecutions inspired him. It is not to accept what there is revolting for the French spirit in his incessant recourse to denunciation, to the vile anonymous letter. It is not to forget that, founding himself on republican theories, he came little by little to conceive and propose a triumvirate of which he would be a member, or a dictatorship reserved for himself. No, it is not to forget his faults and contradictions, to point out in his plea as in his whole life, a disinterestedness that has never up to this time been successfully contested, a love of the people to which he owes the unity of his whole life from the first teachings of his mother.

Charlotte Corday's story is as simple as that of Marat is complicated. In her case M. Herriot follows the clear outline of her own testimony at her trial, discarding the many fictions that quickly gathered about her name. As to Marat he gives her the credit of sincerity. The assassination enacted in Marat's apartment on July 13, 1792, at 30 Rue des Cordeliers he accepts as the working out of a destiny as inevitable as Greek fate. From the moment the idea of the assassination took form in Charlotte's mind until her death on the guillotine all the steps of the tragedy can be followed. And in the opinion of the people of 1792, M. Herriot finds the key to the story:

More just than later historians, the Revolution, without interrupting its work, tried to understand and at least was able to respect the two souls, equally intrepid, of Charlotte and Marat. If one wished to go on to a synthesis, one might say: Thus perished two victims of Rousseau.

Thus ends the story of "Un couteau de quarante sous." (A forty-cent knife.) It has its moral doubtless in the mind of the ex-Premier writing with an eye on the present as well as the past. For the rest of "Dans la Forêt Normande," we must regard it as a proof of the versatility of a public man. It is a nature appreciation of trees, flowers and rocky coast: it is an understanding visit among old cathedrals and to old towns; it is the story of William the Conqueror, and the slow reclaiming of the province for France. For any other than a French public man it would be surprising to find him ready to dispute John Ruskin on architecture or to hear him unburden his heart thus:

For one who has struggled much, suffered perhaps, what secret joy to sink down upon earth that has become so French and exchange with it words that men do not understand.

M. Herriot may perhaps recall President Roosevelt in the diversity of his interests. If his style lacks something of the grace and charm that would bring him to the French Academy as a man of letters, and if his historical writings are based too much on the research of others to claim great originality, there is an abundance of interest in his point of view and the fruitfulness of his active mind.

Part of a Maulu Village Seen Through a Hole in Rock at Bauro Gogosa.

From "In Unknown New Guinea."

Where Mrs. Grundy Is Mumbo-Jumbo

Two Books Which Show Primitive Peoples Enslaved by Social Convention

IN UNKNOWN NEW GUINEA. By W. J. V. Saville. 316 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.

THE HEART OF BLACK PAPUA. By Merlin Moore Taylor. 266 pp. New York: McBride. $3.

MEN who write about little-known countries may be divided into three categories—sightseers, bearers of the "white man's burden and those who really try to help and understand the natives. There are very few of the last. Government officials have to rule with more or less of an iron hand, which keeps them from becoming truly in sympathy with the natives, and as for missionaries, nine out of ten either try to make the natives behave like provincial Europeans or merely collect horrifying tales of heathenism to carry back to their own parishioners. Very seldom do we find a missionary who has spent most of his life with the natives, sympathized with them, tried to solve their own immediate problems, and left abstract ideas of religion and morality to civilized heads better able to deal with them.

Mr. Saville's book, "In Unknown New Guinea," has none of the faults of most missionary-written volumes. Not once does he mention the saving of souls; only incidentally does he call the natives heathens. He never seems to have tried to make them wear more clothes and fall victims, like the Polynesians, to a variety of new diseases, nor does he attempt to interfere with their somewhat unusual, but quite conventional, sexual customs. He calls the Papuans "our people," and judges them as human beings by their own standards, not by the arbitrary foot-rule of the Nicene Creed or the morality of some backwoods American community.

And these savages, these ex-cannibals, are a wonderfully interesting outfit. They have a social organization as rigid and formal as the court of Louis XIV. Their charms, chants and religious services play an intricate part in their daily life, and they have set up goals of achievement quite as artificial as our own craving for fame or excessive wealth. They are the slaves of custom, and they make no bones about it. Following their ancestors is recreation—what makes life worth while—what gives it an object. The missionary who deprives them of this recreation takes the best thing out of the savage's life.

As Mr. Saville states early in his book, the "free savage" of civilized literature is a myth. The legend of the care-free life of primitive man which was popularized by Rousseau and elaborated by later philosophers has no basis in fact. The savage is the most hidebound individual in the world. His whole existence revolves about custom. When one conventional rule becomes impossible to follow he sets up another in its place. "The savage may live "close to Nature," but living close to nature and not understanding it very well makes him construct an infinite number of rules relating to the problems of his daily life. These are built on experience and usually have some very good reason behind them. If a certain fish is tabu in a certain season it means that that fish is not good to eat in that season. The native uses this indirect way of storing up the experience of past generations. Exactly the same thing accounts for the orthodox Jewish tabu on the flesh of swine, which in Biblical times was apt to be infected with a dangerous parasite.

This utilitarian storing up of information is one source of native ritual. Another is the series of festivals which form the really great events of his life. These festivals are mostly "big feeds" to which glamour and meaning have been added by immemorial tradition. They are exactly equivalent to our custom of overeating on certain days—Thanksgiving and Christmas. We wouldn't get half the kick out of stuffing ourselves hoggishly on ordinary days.

The Papuan's pleasures are few and simple. He can eat, love, dance, and indulge in several rather harmless narcotics. So his festivals are designed to add the touch of drama and religion to the satisfaction of these desires, and blend the too pure colors of bodily enjoyment into a tone with more spiritual meaning.

The greatest festival is the "govi" or mortuary feast, which may occur as much as a year after the death of the person mourned for. It is so grand an affair that the clan which has to bear the expense usually saves up a number of deaths to celebrate at one time. The govi itself is the culminating event in a long series of feasts in honor of the deceased which string back to the ceremonial wailing at the actual death. Each of these has such complicated ritual that we wonder how the native mind can retain all the details unaided by any sort of written language.

The govi ritual is amazingly intricate. Each participant has a definite function. And everybody in the village seems to have a hand in the activities. A raised platform is the central stage, and on this the "leko" or principal dancer, performs his monotonous circling. Below and around him all the villagers keep time in rows, each fulfilling some ritual duty. This continues all night to the point of complete exhaustion, and the next day finds the whole population suffering from a hangover as dismal as ever confronted a New Yorker on New Year's morning.

There is one point about which Mr. Saville keeps rather silent. Perhaps he doesn't like to drag out what he considers a family skeleton. These Papuans, who now lead peaceful lives under the watchful eye of the British Government, were recently cannibals. And cannibalism with them was a highly ritualistic affair. It wasn't a mere craving for meat as on some of the almost gameless smaller islands. After cannibalism was suppressed by the Government the place of human flesh has been filled by that of the common domestic pig, which animal has gained an extraordinary ceremonial importance. There are very few to be had, and these are only raised in certain regions, Aroma, a village on the mainland, being considered the best. Pigs are never killed merely for food, but always in satisfaction of some ceremonial requirement. Some debts, particularly those connected with marriage, can only be paid with a properly raised pig.

These pigs are a prolific domestic variety and could be raised in quantity with little difficulty if the natives chose to do so. But they continue scarce and have to be traded for with hard-earned wealth of pottery, arm-shells, or fishing utensils. So does the Papuan keep the ritualistic meaning of his trading while he makes concessions to an all-powerful Government hopeless to oppose.

Books like this one of Mr. Saville's are of more than passing interest. Study of a primitive group is one of the best ways to get an objective view of our own community. When a scientist starts to solve a complicated problem, he first divests it of all elements which have no direct bearing on the main question. Then he can consider it without having his mind confused by all sorts of unimportant side issues and disturbing prejudices. It would be a good idea for some of our more fanatical religious and social reformers to begin their theorizing with a simple, primitive group in mind before they tackle the complexities of modern civilization. Looked upon broadly enough, human beings have the same fundamental problems. A primitive man wants openly and naïvely what a civilized man desires under cover of a vast amount of bunk and camouflage. A book like Mr. Saville's throws a little light not only upon the life of the Papuans but upon our own life as well.

Mr. Taylor's "The Heart of Black Papua" is a very different sort of book. He carries the white man's burden with a vengeance, and he carries it in the form of a chip on his shoulder. To him the natives are wild game, or, at most, obstacles in the way of his triumphant progress through the very same back country which Mr. Saville talks about so casually. To be sure he didn't shoot a cannibal or even injure one, and the trip was remarkably peaceful. After the way he talks of the terrible dangers, his crossing of the narrow peninsula at the east of New Guinea turned out a very mild affair. Not a shot was fired except for target practice.

I don't want to give the idea that Mr. Taylor didn't undergo any hardships. There are probably great hardships incidental to any travel in the lesser-known parts of New Guinea. But he certainly wasn't in great danger all the time, as the book seems to imply. In the first place, he had the best of Government support. A local Magistrate and twelve trained native police formed the nucleus of the expedition. When he needed carriers all he needed do was have the Governor send out the police and conscript one hundred and twenty of them.

Most conspicuously lacking in the book is any information about the natives or interest in their affairs. He battered his way across their country without thinking of the inhabitants as anything but obstacles—like wild beasts or poisonous insects. He frightened them out of their villages and spent the nights there without gathering a hint of the wonderfully complicated and interesting life which Mr. Saville writes about so sympathetically.

In short, Mr. Taylor's expedition was just one of the numerous excursion trips for which the development of modern publicity has provided the funds. There are very few great areas left for pure exploration. This peninsula of New Guinea was not one of them. A modern explorer has either got to have abnormally exciting adventures or discover something more than purely topographical facts. Mr. Saville has explored and discovered more than Mr. Taylor ever will.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that his book makes interesting reading. Those not offended by the too frequent use of unjustified exclamation marks will find the writing good. And those interested in seeing the white man dominate a lesser people will find what they are looking for. But the book lacks the spirit of genuine adventure, and it throws no light upon the country or the lives of its people.

Books in Brief Review

HOW TO ACHIEVE

ACHIEVEMENT: HOW IT IS WON. Articles by Leaders in World Affairs. Introduction by Will H. Hays. Illustrated. 168 pp. New York: American Educational Press.

GATHERED together in this little volume are short articles by forty men more or less distinguished by their achievements in different ways in American life. Introducing them and discussing briefly the fundamentals of success is a two-page article by Will H. Hays, former Postmaster General of the United States and now President of Motion-Picture Producers and Distributors of America. The forty contributors represent a wide variety of work and achievement, although the larger proportion of them are drawn from the world of affairs. Among these one finds Andrew W. Mellon, Elbert H. Gary, Charles M. Schwab, John D. Rockefeller Jr., John Hays Hammond, Samuel Ray and others. There is a sprinkling of educationalists, including John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education; David Starr Jordan and Elmer Ellsworth Brown. Literature, music and the stage are represented by David Belasco, Edgar A. Guest, Henry van Dyke, E. W. Howe, George Kennan, Hamlin Garland, Fred Stone, Albert Bigelow Paine, John Philip Sousa, Edward W. Bok, Zane Grey and others. From the realms of art have come Daniel Chester French and James Montgomery Flagg. James E. Watson and Arthur Capper represent the United States Senate, while Oscar S. Straus, Miles Poindexter and J. Morton Howell speak from the ranks of diplomacy. Admiral Eberle, General Allen and Secretary of War Davis represent the nation's defenses. And there is a sprinkling of names from other lines of endeavor, including Samuel Gompers, Luther Burbank, John H. Finley, John J. McGraw, Hudson Maxim and others.

Some of these men, such as Mr. Hammond, Mr. McGraw and others, write about their own specialties and the essentials of success in them. Several contributors take Lincoln as a model to be looked up to and followed by young men. Mr. Belasco is eloquent on the subject of love—love of fellow-human beings, love of work, love of whatever is fine and good—and its fundamental importance in life. Zane Grey pleads for the conservation of American forests, waters and all outdoor wonders and beauties. Three or four, led by Mr. Bok, insist upon the need of thrift for whoever hopes to succeed.

Compared with most books on its theme the little volume is notably varied and interesting and is less arid and more worth while than most of them. Each contribution is prefaced by a portrait and biography of its author.

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, 1788-1883, LIFE AND LETTERS. By Emily Johnston de Forest. Illustrated. 300 pp. Limited edition. New York: Privately printed.

SUCH family histories as this serve an important purpose in addition to their interest for the people immediately concerned. For they help to provide social backgrounds of former years, afford studies of character, give glimpses of the ever-changing panorama of national life, thus enlarging, enriching and varying the sources from which historians and social students draw their materials. Mrs. de Forest does this kind of chronicle very well—she has a previous volume of the sort to her credit—with interesting narrative, a feeling for whatever is significant, dramatic, picturesque, appealingly human in the lives she depicts and good judgment in the selecting and editing of letters.

James Colles was her maternal grandfather and in her account of the latter part of his life, what she calls his "happy and peaceful old age," she has drawn much upon her own recollections. His father came to New York from Ireland during the Revolution, and the early pages of Mrs. de Forest's narrative give some interesting glimpses of his share in the business life of the little city until his death in 1807, when his son James, the subject of her story, was 19 years old. He seems to have set out bravely upon the tasks which confronted him of helping to support his widowed mother, bettering his very limited education and making a career. After various ventures and experiences he went to New Orleans, whither much capital, energy and ability were flowing from the North in the romantic glow and interest which rose from the Louisiana purchase. He was in the mercantile business there for about twenty years, amassing a fortune sufficient to enable him to retire in 1840, take his family to Europe, where they spent three years in travel, and after their return to live a life of dignified leisure.

There are many and interesting glimpses of their years in New Orleans—the cholera epidemics, the social customs, events of many sorts, James Colles's friendship with Andrew Jackson and their long early morning walks and talks. The sojourn in Europe yields bits of quaint and entertaining anecdotes of travel customs in the early 1840s. Mrs. de Forest's mother, Frances Colles, was a girl in her teens—ten years later she married John Taylor Johnston—and her vivacious reminiscences were absorbing for her own children.

On their return James Colles bought a brownstone mansion at University Place and Tenth Street and filled it with the beautiful and artistic things he had bought abroad. Mrs. de Forest says that it was one of the two most beautifully furnished houses in New York at that time and for long afterward. It was the gathering place of all the family connection, and in the pages dealing with it are many glimpses of social New York during the middle decades of last century. James Colles was one of the three men who built the Astor Place Opera House—"the kid glove opera house," she says the populace disdainfully dubbed it—and the Colles family was in the audience on the night of the famous Forrest-Mac-

(Continued on Page 26)

Some Notes on Current Magazines

IN his article on "Puritanism and Prosperity" in the June Atlantic Monthly, Reinhold Niebuhr draws an interesting parallel between the religions of various peoples and the attitude of these peoples toward business and material prosperity. He finds that Protestantism in general, and Puritanism in particular, are most conducive to industrial and commercial success, and it is, in his opinion, the Puritanism of the United States that has been chiefly responsible for our prosperity. Both the virtues and the limitations of Puritanism, he tells us, have contributed to this result, for not only has Protestantism produced a higher type of honesty and removed the traditional odium attached to business enterprise, but it has also restored the Old Testament idea that prosperity was an indubitable proof of sanctity. This last idea, according to Mr. Niebuhr, is all too prevalent in our time and particularly in our country. For this reason he concludes that

> We need a religion and an ethic which know how to deal with greed as well as with dishonesty and which have effectual restraints upon the paganism of power and pride as well as upon the paganism of licentious pleasure.

Other features of this number of the Atlantic are "The Frivolous French," by Francis Hackett; "Leaves From a Mission Diary," by Harcourt Johnson; "Pagan Virtues and Christian Graces," by A. Maude Royden; "A Vision of the River," a story, by Oswald Couldrey; "Journalism and Morality," by Silas Brent; "The Black Cat," a sonnet group, by Amory Hare; "Civilians and Soldiers," by General Sir Frederick Maurice; "Our Mortal Foe," by Sir W. Beach Thomas; "The Old Woman," a story, by Isabel Hopestill Carter; "Clear Evening," a poem, by Sara Teasdale; "Glandular Activity and Feminine Talent," by Faith Fairfield; "Rubber: The Inquiry and the Facts," by George O. May; "'Is There Any Mail?'" by Frances Lester Warner; "Child Drama: The Real Thing," by Annie Webster Noel; "Europe's Bursting Bubble of Democracy," by Robert Sencourt; "Favored Farmers," by E. T. H. Shaffer, and "Siam," by Francis Bowes Sayre.

"The Eugenics Cult," by Clarence Darrow, in the American Mercury for June, is a protest against what the author feels to be an unwarranted invasion of our liberties and an unjustifiable attempt to interfere with the laws of nature. Mr. Darrow's many objections to the plans of the eugenists are briefly summed up in this paragraph:

> We know something about biology. We know a little about eugenics. We have no knowledge of what kind of man would be better than the one that Nature is evolving to fit into the environment which he cannot escape. We have neither facts nor theories to give us any evidence based on biology or any other branch of science as to how we could breed intelligence, happiness or anything else that would improve the race. We have no idea of the meaning of the word "improvement." We can imagine no human organization that we could trust with the job, even if eugenists knew what should be done and the proper way to do it.

Other articles in this number are "Ward McAllister," by Moran Tudbury; "A Note on Priestcraft," by Hilton Gregory; "Johann Most," by Emma Goldman; "Delaware," by Maurits A. Hallgren; "The Dilemma of Chemotherapy," by L. M. Hussey; "Symbolic Architecture," by Lewis Mumford; "Patent Office Magic—Medical," by Arthur J. Cramp; "Notes on the Nation Cult," by William Orton; "The Negro Press," by Eugene Gordon; "The Canadian Literati," by Fred Jacob; "A Town in the Pines," by M. S. Lea; "Doyers Street," by Herbert Asbury; "Clinical Notes," by George Jean Nathan; "The Theatre," by George Jean Nathan; and "The Library," by H. L. Mencken. There is a story, "Cloud-Capped Towers," by Emily Clark, and a poem, "The Pathfinders," by George Sterling. There is also the usual monthly collection of "Americana" and an editorial in which the tail of the British lion is twisted in a most workmanlike manner.

The World's Work for June contains "The March of Events," an editorial interpretation; "Hunting Lions With a Flashlight," illustrated with some truly remarkable photographs of wild animals, by Martin Johnson; "Wilson as War President," by David F. Houston, this being the fifth instalment of his "Eight Years With Wilson, 1913-1921"; "The Changing Character of Big Business," by Walter S. Gifford; "Big Business—A Political Issue?" by Mark Sullivan; "Emptying a City's Pork Barrel," by Frank R. Kent; "New Monsters From the Dead Ages," by Roy Chapman Andrews; "Universities as Public Service Corporations," by Josiah H. Penniman; "The Man Who Invents Uncle Sam's Taxes," by Lebert St. Clair; "An Expert on the Infinitesimal Atom," by Ellwood Hendrick; "History as Vaudeville," a review by Claude G. Bowers of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times: The Turn of the Century, 1900-1904"; and "Fifty Years of a Great University," an article on the achievements of Johns Hopkins, by French Strother.

The Woman's Home Companion for June contains the opening instalments of two new serials, "The Kays," by Margaret Deland, and "Tar Moorehead's Father," by Sherwood Anderson; also instalments of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" and Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife." The short stories include "Little Orphant Annie," by Albert Kinross; "The Cool-headed Friend," by Alice Duer Miller; "The Merry-go-round," by Catherine Connell; and "Good Blood," by Grace Sartwell Mason. There are special articles by Richard J. Walsh and Edward Eyre Hunt, Mary Sherman, Sophie Kerr, Montayne Perry, Anne Bryan McCall, and others. Last of all comes, as its name indicates that it should, "The Postscript," conducted by Hayden Carruth. In this department, which is a regular feature of the magazine, Mr. Carruth gives a general view of the contents of the current number interspersed with original and amusing comments of his own. Thus, in discussing an article on "The Right Screens," by Ernest W. Steel, he remarks:

> There is a piece telling how to make it difficult for mosquitos to get into your house. Don't use too coarse a screen, which simply strains out the larger mosquitos, and it is the smaller, growing mosquitos that are the hungrier. Don't forget the chimney of the open fireplace. Mosquitos come down the chimney just like Santa Claus. The writer doesn't approve of a screen on top of the chimney, and advises covering the fireplace. We don't think we should like the looks of this. Fireplace chimneys should be built with dampers. Close the damper. But you have to peer up in the fireplace every hour or so to see that the mosquitos haven't opened the damper. We are naming no names, but there is one State where the mosquitos ring the front door bell.

If Mr. Carruth means the State of New Jersey, as we suspect he does, he is, to put it politely, misinformed. Jersey mosquitos never ring door bells. They pick the locks.

The leading article in Scribner's Magazine for June is "The End of an Epoch," by William Allen White. The epoch referred to is the era of Populism, but Mr. White uses that term in a wider sense, not restricting it to the political movement which bore that name, but making it cover all that is usually called Progressivism. He includes under Populism all those movements that have tended to free the people at large from the domination of the moneyed interests, and he names as the major prophets of those movements Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette and Wilson. The article is an excellent summary of the liberal movement in American politics. In the same issue of Scribner's Ellsworth Huntington tells "What the Weather Does to Us"; Will James continues his story, told with pen and pencil, of "Smoky—A One-Man Horse"; Henry S. Pritchett describes "Earthquake Days in Santa Barbara"; Oliver La Farge, in "The Land of Gog and Magog," writes of experiences in exploring the lost Maya civilization; Frank R. Arnold discusses "The Mating Season of Co-education"; T. B. Simpson, under the title "Generally Speaking," considers the question whether Americans are "Grasping Materialists" or "Sloppy Idealists"; while William Lyon Phelps, Royal Cortissoz and Alexander Dana Noyes conduct their regular departments. The fiction in this issue includes an instalment of John Galsworthy's novel, "The Silver Spoon," and short stories by Thomas Ripley, Amory Hare and Reuben Maury. Poetry is represented by Arthur Guiterman's "Tradition," Frances Wyatt Baker's "Blue Bowl" and William Griffith's "Nocturne in Erebus."

Perriton Maxwell, editor of Suniland, the magazine of Florida, has resigned his post to become associated with a new periodical to be launched in the near future. Mr. Maxwell has been editor successively of the Metropolitan Magazine, Nash's Magazine, Judge, Leslie's Weekly, Police Magazine, Arts and Decoration, and Suniland. Details of the new publication are promised shortly.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

and wholly charming. Mr. Markham, wise in essaying no formal description of her allurements, leaves the imagination of the reader free to draw and paint her as it will. But small wonder that such a comely young gallant as Francis Talbot should fall captive to her glancing eyes. Small wonder also that he should even stoop to conquer. Just how that stooping and how that conquering brings him into the very heart of the novel's main complication, we will again leave it to Mr. Markham to disclose.

In the main, he gives a faithful and compelling picture of rural England in the early years of the House of Hanover. The pedant may raise his eyebrows over the casual democracy of the author which sends a squire's son to the village school along with scions of the butcher, baker and candlestickmaker. But no surprise will greet the ensuing friendship, for boyhood boasts a camaraderie that raises no class barriers. The author borrows many a quaint word and phrase of the time and of the shire, but uses them judiciously. They give color to the narrative but do not enter into its warp and woof. "The Scamp" requires no glossary and no footnotes. It appeals directly and should appeal most strongly to two large classes of readers. Those who enjoy the hurry and excitement of the genuine tale of adventure will find one to keep their night light burning here; those who appreciate a love story with a streaming of the romantic element will take both Master Francis and Mistress Dorothy to their hearts. Henry Pitz provides for the volume an appropriately colorful jacket and a number of full-page black and white decorations.

CALIFORNIA COLOR

CAPTAIN FLY-BY-NIGHT. By Johnston McCulley. New York: G. Howard Watt. $2.

THE history of California is nothing less than a veritable gold mine for the writer of historical fiction, or of the comedy of manners. From the early, mission-founding "frailes" to the silver screen millionaires of ultra-modern Hollywood, from nobly born Spanish adventurers to quite as adventurous gold miners, there is romance and color—and grim hardship, too—enough to supply any number of romancers or of realists. The abundance of material is indeed so great that it is not surprising to find that the period with which Johnston McCully's new tale, "Captain Fly-By-Night," has to do, is one that has as yet been little used by the novelists.

This period is the one in which "the Mexican Republic held sway, with its haughty Governor riding up and down El Camino Real in dignity; Indians—both gentiles and neophytes—were sullen and enraged because of lands that had been taken from them; officials sold concessions and robbed right royally." It was a turbulent time of Indian uprisings, when Santa Barbara consisted of mission and presidio, when the flogging of Indians was all but a matter of course, and one might, on such a warm day as that which sees the opening of the story, look far along El Camino Real—the king's highway—without catching sight of any such disturbance of its thick red dust as marked the passing of every traveler. Yet there is a good deal of journeying in the tale, for the scene moves from the presidio of Santa Barbara to the small pueblo of Reina de Los Angeles, and thence to San Diego de Alcalá; "near the shore of the bay was the presidio, topping a knoll. Six miles up the valley was the mission proper, and near it an orchard surrounded by a wall and fields of green." It is at the San Diego mission and on a large rancho only a few miles away that most of the action of the tale takes place. And very lively action it is, culminating with an Indian uprising, and an attack led by a white renegade, first on the rancho, then on the mission, in whose church the defenders make their last desperate stand.

The hero of the story, whom the author calls "the caballero," is known to the other characters of the book as "Captain Fly-By-Night," gamester, duelist, insulter of women, thief and traitor. At the Santa Barbara presidio two men, each traveling with a pass signed by the Governor himself, but with no name given, meet and make a wager. One of these two is "the caballero" concerning whose real name and identity the reader is not long in doubt, though the author does not see fit to reveal the truth until the very end of the book. We follow his fortunes, which lead presently to the beautiful, wealthy and high-spirited Señorita Anita Fernandez, who is awaiting the arrival of her distant kinsman and destined husband, Rojerio Rocha, whom she has never seen. Of course there is a love story, which runs anything but smoothly, until at last the heroine declares: "Did to stand by you mean to be ostracised by all the world, yet by your side I'd stand." In plot and characterization the story is entirely conventional, but it is also fairly entertaining, and the comparative novelty of its period and setting gives it a certain amount of interest.

RAPIERS AND GALLANTRY

SWORD PLAY. By Charles B. Stilson. 301 pp. New York: G. Howard Watt. $2.

WHEN history furnishes a background infinitely more picturesque and fantastic than any the most vivid imagination could devise the writer's task of making a romantic novel interesting and absorbing is more than half accomplished. Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas, père, were masters in the art of threading colorful beads of fancy on silken threads of fact. Countless novelists have tried to imitate their technique; but few have succeeded, though, in some small measure, Stanley Weyman and Robert Chambers—in his early manner—caught the knack of making the unreal seem real. One of the latest to try his hand at this type of fiction is Charles B. Stilson, who in "Sword Play" has produced a story crammed with action.

The scene is laid in Charles the Second's England and in the France of Louis XIV. With such a colorful canvas lying ready-made to his hand the author's imaginative embroidery completes a dashing picture. The whir of events begins on the very first page with the introduction of Raymond Jehan du Chêne, Vicomte de Mervalles, a very d'Artagnan in the skillful use of the rapier. Red-haired, gray-eyed, almost delicately featured, save for the salience of the cheekbones and a certain hardness of the square chin, he possesses a determination far from effeminate. Accompanied by his middle-aged squire, the sturdy, swarthy Concino Pazzi, the young Frenchman rides forth to seek adventure.

Almost immediately he is precipitated into a quarrel with the truculent Roger Maraden, Earl of Templeton, whom he vanquishes and leaves for dead. Convinced that he has slain his adversary, Raymond is forced to flee and, galloping through Portsmouth town on his black stallion, Tonnerre, he manages to reach the harbor in safety. Then, by a prodigious leap across a stretch of widening water, he lands, horse and all, upon the deck of an outward bound sloop whose sails are set for France.

At Le Hâvre, where he and Concino land one misty night, Raymond is the means of assisting an illomened lady of great beauty and evil deeds who is fleeing King Louis's edict against the dread poisoners who, just then, are terrorizing France. The mysterious unknown is none other than the infamous Comtesse de Soissons—"with a soul as black as her face was bright with beauty"—Olympe Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin and sister of that Marie Mancini who had been the young King's first love in the old days before he came to power.

Paris was inundated with murder. Death lurked in every object of daily use—a glove, a perfume, a glass of water, or a missal, each in its turn doing the work of the murderous wretches who then terrified the French capital. Having innocently helped the chief of these to escape from the King's police, Raymond becomes a hunted man until, caught at last in a well-nigh hopeless tangle of circumstances, his life and freedom hang on a trick of woman's wit.

But before that happens he meets with further adventure. One night, after a mad ride through the roads of France, he meets in the moldering chambers of a ghost-ridden mansion a blade against which his own skill as a swordsman is powerless: that of that sinister enigma, the Man in the Iron Mask. The Masque de

(Continued on Page 24)

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"The Gentleman from Virginia." Charles Alden Seltzer. (Doubleway, Page & Co.)

"Devices and Desires." Vera Wheatley. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Exquisite Perdita." E. Barrington. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NON-FICTION.

"Seventy Years a Showman." "Lord" George Sanger. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Visions and Jewels." Moysheh Oyved. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"Justo Rufino Barrios: A Biography of the Great Latin-American Liberator." Paul Burgess. (Dorrance & Co.)

THORNTON NIVEN WILDER, whose first novel, "The Cabala," has just been published by Albert & Charles Boni, was born in Madison, Wis., in 1897, but his early years were spent in China, where his father was Consul General. He was graduated from Yale in 1920 and then spent two years at the American Academy in Rome. His novel grew out of his experiences at that time. After his return to this country Mr. Wilder taught for a time at Lawrenceville. He is now at Princeton Graduate College, where he divides his time between writing and studying.

The reported capture by French troops of Abd-el Krim, the leader of the Riffs, calls to mind the fact that Vincent Sheean in his book, "An American Among the Riffi," published by the Century Company, points out that there are really two Abd-el Krims, neither of whom actually bears that name, though both are known by it. The two men are brothers, and both are prominent in the affairs of the Riffi, one as a political leader, and the other as the actual general of the Riffian forces. Their real names are Mohammed and M'hammed, which reminds one somehow of the woman who named both her twin boys James to avoid confusion, since nobody could tell them apart anyway.

General Rafael Nogales, soldier of fortune and author of "Four Years Beneath the Crescent," recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, has arrived in this country for an extended visit. General Nogales has fought pretty much all over the map—in Mexico, in various South American countries, in the Japanese-Russian war, and in the World War, where he had charge, under German command, of the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia and Palestine. Lieut. Col. Davis of the United States Army, who wrote the introduction to Nogales's book, has fought against Nogales many a time, but the two men never met face to face until 1925 in New York. They will probably meet again during the present visit.

Edward Davison, the young English poet and critic, whose volume of poems, "Harvest of Youth," was published this Spring by Harper & Brothers, has been appointed Assistant Professor of English at Vassar and will enter upon his duties there in September. Mr. Davison recently married an American girl, Natalie Weiner of New York City.

Inspired by the success of his novel, "They Had to See Paris," Homer Croy is going to write another called "They Had to See London." He is on his way to England to learn, if possible, how the English get that way.

Robertus Love, author of "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), has resigned his post of literary editor of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch and is going to make authorship his chief occupation instead of just a side issue. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Love was editor of The Evening Day in New London, and since that time he has been a special writer in New York, publicity agent for the St. Louis Exposition, President of the American Humorists' Association, editor of a country daily in the Far West, and a lot of other things.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for publication late in June a new edition of "Marie Bashkirtseff; the Journal of a Young Artist, 1860-1884." Those of us who are not so young as we should like to be can still remember what a sensation this book created when it first appeared away back yonder in the '80s.

The trustees of the estate of Amy Lowell have announced that the $1,000 Pulitzer award for her book of poems, "What's o'Clock" (Houghton Mifflin Company), will be turned into the scholarship fund for poets established by the conditions of Miss Lowell's will.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon is preparing a history of the New Netherlands to be entitled "Peter Stuyvesant and His Times: The Story of a Dream That Failed." He plans to go to Holland in the Fall to gather material there. The book will be illustrated by the author and will be published next year by Henry Holt & Co.

From Yale University comes the announcement that the McLaughlin Prize for distinction in English composition has been awarded to Paul Mellon, son of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, for his literary study on "Donn Byrne: His Place in Literature." The Century Company, which publishes Donn Byrne's books, is inclined to think that a part of the credit should go to Donn Byrne himself on the ground that "it is easy to write elevated English when fresh from a reading of Donn Byrne." Even book reviewers, according to the Century Company, are affected by Donn Byrne to such an extent that their reviews of his books are done in a more eloquent and musical style than that employed in dealing with other authors. The reviewers can't be such a hard-boiled lot as some people would have us believe.

Roger Burlingame, author of "You Too," has given up his work as a member of the editorial staff of Charles Scribner's Sons and is going to devote his entire time to writing. His new novel, "Susan Shane," will be published in the Fall. Mr. Burlingame is now in Europe, where all good authors go in the Summer time.

July 17 is the date set by Dodd, Mead & Co. for the publication of E. Barrington's new novel, "The Exquisite Perdita." The setting of the story is London of the late eighteenth century, and the heroine is Perdita Robinson, a beautiful and talented actress of that day. David Garrick and Richard Brinsley Sheridan are among the characters who appear in its pages.

Frederick H. Hitchcock is bringing out late this month "Jerusalem the Golden," a historical novel of the Finger Lakes country of Western New York, by Robert Porter St. John; "The Old Sergeant's Story: Winning the West from the Indians and Bad Men in 1870 to 1876," by Captain Robert G. Carter, and "Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times," by Saidi Holt.

Eric Rucker Eddison, author of "The Worm Ouroboros," just published by Albert & Charles Boni, will be represented on the Fall list of that firm by a novel based on the old Norse sagas. The title is "Etyrbiorn the Strong." Mr. Eddison, who was educated at Eton and Oxford, is a member of the Viking Society for Northern Research.

Mr. George R. Burgess of Providence, R. I., has recently issued the "Proprietors' Map of Block Island, 1661," with annotations of historical and genealogical interest. The map is based on the original manuscript proprietors' plat of Block Island that is preserved in the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society. It contains the names of about seventy-five heads of families, or all that were of record to 1717, owning or leasing any real estate. The information has been gathered from a number of original sources, and we are informed that it has never before been collected.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

For, whom history credits with being the twin brother of Louis XIV, has escaped his prison and is riding toward Paris to claim his inheritance, and perhaps even the throne of his elder brother. Raymond, who mistakes him for the King himself, unwittingly helps Iron Mask in his scheme and thus falls doubly under the displeasure of Louis, who, through his secret police, learns of his implication in the plot to oust him from his throne.

It must not be imagined that "Sword Play" lacks a heroine. Lady Jean Henrietta Murrie, daughter of the Scotch Earl of Ramsay, falls in love at first sight with Raymond when, unseen by either of the combatants, she witnesses the duel between the Frenchman and her unwelcome suitor, Roger Marsden. Instantly determined to follow Raymond to France, she dons doublet and hose; and though others discover her disguise, the man she cares for is the only one who remains blind to her secret and to the loyalty of a love that is constant through all perils, to the very foot of the gallows.

A RADIO MYSTERY

***THE GLEAVE MYSTERY.* By Louis Tracy. 318 pp. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc. $2.**

A MASTER inventor has an appliance that will put out of commission all of the radios in England; a young Englishman, just back from army service in India, meets his father's murderer on a London Street without recognizing him; a cunning scoundrel sends his innocent brother to prison for ten years; a maniac, with steel claws set into his gloves, cruelly tortures and murders harmless cats; a lovely girl is held captive in an impregnable English country house; the most important officials of Scotland Yard, incognito, descend on a quiet English fishing village—these are but a few of the exciting elements of this detective story. They are connected quite plausibly; Mr. Tracy relies less on "detective-story license" than is common in books of this class. "The Gleave Mystery" has a welcome variety both in method and in setting—often it skirts upon hackneyed situations, but brings to them a pleasing novelty of treatment, and its atmosphere shifts agreeably between Scotland Yard, life in an English fishing village, society life and the weird eccentricities of a secluded genius.

Arthur Colquhoun, finding himself back in England with no prospects of a job, decides to emigrate to Canada and to settle down there to a peaceful and prosaic life. As he is about to depart an inspector from Scotland Yard, with whom he has picked up a chance acquaintanceship, persuades him to accept an invitation to visit Francis Gleave, half-brother of the man who, ten years before, had murdered his father. The inspector is suspicious of Gleave and wants Colquhoun to act as an unofficial agent of Scotland Yard. Against his better judgment Arthur accedes to the request, and establishes himself at the inn where Gleave has arranged for his entertainment.

On his first visit to Gleave's estate Arthur meets a lovely Portuguese girl who informs him that her guardian has decided that he, Colquhoun, is to marry her, and that he has been summoned to Keynham for that purpose. Taken completely aback, Arthur tries to laugh off her remark, but he is unsuccessful; the weird atmosphere of the place and the indefiniteness of his own position puzzle him.

Gleave's estate becomes more mysterious upon closer acquaintance. On it there seems to be some radio arrangement by means of which his slightest remark, no matter how secluded he may be at the moment, is overheard. Then he discovers automobiles and ocean-going yachts which are controlled from a central station in Gleave's mansion. Although from time to time he sees his host, Arthur never gets a chance to have a real talk with him. He has no idea why he is there, what is expected of him or what he may expect.

As the climax approaches various apparently extraneous factors come into the story, prolonging Gleave's (and the reader's) ignorance of just what is happening. The dénouement is quite satisfactory and leaves no annoying loose ends to trouble the reader when he has finished the book.

The one criticism that must be made of this story is that while it contains an abundance of exciting incident it is a little weak in the matter of suspense. In the many intermediate crises any one with a modicum of intelligence will be likely to sense a number of the solutions from afar. At times the natural sequence of events is adhered to a trifle too closely. It is to be regretted that such a good plot as this was not fully exploited.

"THE SAME OLD STORY"

***THE WEEK-END MYSTERY.* By Robert A. Simon. 296 pp. New York: G. Howard Watt. $2.**

MR. SIMON, author of "Our Little Girl" and translator of Schnitzler's "Fraulein Elsie," has inaugurated his career as a detective story writer with a somewhat disappointing lack of originality. "The Week-End Mystery" is just the same old detective story retold—but with this difference: the story is so well told that its hackneyed situations and conventional characters don't seem nearly as hackneyed or as conventional as by right they should. Mr. Simon has an ingratiating ability to take the reader into his confidence, to put him completely at his ease. By insisting throughout on the similarity between his story and the "ordinary detective story," the author makes capital of his weakness and disarms the would-be critic. How can one complain about such a quality when the author openly boasts of it! Nevertheless, we venture to hope that the next time Mr. Simon turns his attention to this brand of entertainment he will devote to the plot some of the delightful facility and originality which are in evidence only in the style of the present volume.

The story begins with intriguing freshness. Jimmy Wrome, as a result of an unhappy love affair, has become so worked up that he is in danger of a nervous breakdown. To get his mind off the subject, the doctor orders him to read at least one detective story a day "until relieved." Incredulous, Jimmy obeys the order—within a short time his old malady is cured, but as quickly he develops a new one, even more deadly, "detectivitis." He acquires a Sherlock Holmes mania for making deductions. Within five minutes after his arrival at the doctor's office, the amateur detective has told him in detail the complaints of his last two patients and has named the suburban town in which one of them lives; he has described the doctor's maid, even to giving the detail that she is left-handed, and he has made several valid observations about the doctor himself.

Mr. Payne, a Master Mind of Wall Street and a patient of Dr. Farrigan, gives a week-end house party in the country and the doctor brings Jimmy to it, thinking that his "detectivitis" will prove amusing. Upon his arrival in Olean Jimmy decides that it is a perfect setting for a mystery story—a rich man's country home; nothing for miles about; a group of guests not very well acquainted—his imagination starts immediately to work.

As the assembled guests are having a late tea, a thunder storm puts the lights out of commission and for a while they tell murder stories. The atmosphere is getting a little tense when the lights come on again. Very soon Mr. Payne, the host, complains that he is not feeling very well and he retires. The guests go to a near-by roadhouse for dinner and dance there afterward. Late in the evening the butler calls Dr. Farrigan to say that Mr. Payne is dead; apparently he has committed suicide. Without speaking to the other guests, the doctor returns to Olean. Jimmy senses mystery in the air and follows the doctor back; when he arrives he is merely told that Payne is dead and that he shall keep out of the way. After several fruitless attempts to find out what has happened, he goes to bed and sleeps late the next morning. He awakes to find that most of the guests have returned to New York and that he has missed the excitement.

The rest of the book is devoted to Jimmy's methods of unraveling the mystery of Payne's death. The story is skillfully told and the plot is well enough sustained to keep the reader's attention from straying very far afield. "The Week-end Mystery" must be classed among the superior detective stories.

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Guedalla Cracks Jokes

(Continued from Page 1)

equality meritorious, if slightly receding—of Lord Cornwallis and John Burgoyne."

Mr. Guedalla, like Dickens, is at his best when there is some outstanding peculiarity to lay hold of—such as Samuel Adams's quaver, the sonorous quality of Burke's prose, or the clerklike genius of Alexander Hamilton. In such traits sometimes lies the key to a personality. Or a sketch can be slyly drawn to fit one generalization as when Mr. Guedalla sees Washington as a perfect example of the English squire and Franklin—not least because he boasted of having "stood before" five kings and of having dined with one—as "the first American." Here one has a unity of theme comparable with that of a good short story. And there is a wit that stings in the comment upon the fact that Washington did not lie in state pending the funeral ceremonies: "The omission has been abundantly repaired; and it is his tragedy that his reputation has been lying in state ever since."

But are these sketches history? In a narrow sense they are not. They are, rather, what Stevenson called his famous book, a "footnote to history." The more one knows about the eighteenth century the more one is likely to appreciate Mr. Guedalla. His values are pictorial—they are those of a candid eyewitness. The larger movements of mankind are not pertinent to the object in hand. He does not care for statistics or for economic disquisitions. His characters float upon the surface of a swift and vivid current, but as for where the current comes from or whence it goes—that is, as he sees it, no affair of his. If he has a philosophy of history it is that human affairs are regulated largely by chance.

But what he seems chiefly to ask himself is, "Will it film?" He has the camera eye of a good director. Let us, with our telephoto lens, see clearly, here and there, across the generations, and we shall understand more than the philosophers can tell us. The essential thing is to grasp the reality of the past. If a snapshot of the young George III making a button, or of Franklin conversing with the French Queen at cards, "as often as the game did not require her immediate attention," enables us to see these men for an instant as they actually were, then the historian has achieved a miracle; he has abolished time.

This is Mr. Guedalla's great achievement—the only achievement open to a historian who does not care so very much for abstract ideas, and who does not believe in private greatness. The result is extraordinarily appealing to readers in an age like this, in which few have faith or interest in general theorems, but all are intensely curious about personalities. "Life," as Mr. Guedalla sees it, "is a lonely business. . . . Perhaps the strange desire to reconstruct a selected life in intimate detail conceals a friendly wish to know some one really well." From this point of view the service rendered present-day readers by the illustrious dead is the same as that which certain humble laboratory animals offer the scientist. Through them we are able to study the species. And as that study is the only good excuse for history it may be no great loss that readers of Mr. Guedalla will learn little of the system of land tenure in France in 1777, or of the relation between the revolution and the Westward Movement. We may say that the biographers are the true historians of the present day. They do for us what Gibbon, Green and Motley did for our fathers.

This is, it is interesting to note, a leveling process. Democracy, we are credibly informed, is failing in the actual world. Dictators rule Italy, Spain and Russia. Tomorrow they may rule Germany and France. There is, in England as well as in this country, a distrust of what is called popular rule, a hankering after strong leadership—that is, after great men. Why this should be true at the precise moment when the great men of the past are toppling, one by one, from their museum shelves is perhaps for some future historian, now in the cradle—or what in the twentieth century corresponds to a cradle—to answer. But so it is. The biographical historians—or historical biographers—of the moment are as democratic as Thomas Jefferson himself, and Mr. Guedalla is one of their prophets.

Just where he will stand among them remains uncertain. He does not attempt the "psychograph"—the "biology of souls"—which Gamaliel Bradford has practiced so long and with such surpassing ability. He does not round out his pictures; if by a line or a shading he makes you see one characteristic pose he is satisfied. He is a stylist—as much so as Stevenson himself. Indeed, it is not a far jump, in method and perhaps even in spirit, from "Familiar Studies" to "Fathers of the Revolution." Like Stevenson Mr. Guedalla works hard over his phrases, and there are moments when one suspects that he might, if the police were not looking, butcher a fact to obtain an epigram.

He has the flair of an essayist. He likes to begin as with some chance remark and so drift obliquely into his subject. "It still hangs faintly in the air, the last, unfinished melody of the French monarchy."

His endings, too, are neat. "A few passes with the red cloth," he concludes, in his sketch of Cornwallis's last American campaign, "and the tired bull was posed for the matador. So, as one seems to see them, the armies came to Yorktown. Then the bright sword plunged; the bull dropped heavily; and the ring was roaring." His final chapter, "Footnotes on Greatness," is a very nice bit of antiphonal prose, with its recurring chorus (apropos of great men). "There used to be so many of them."

The time may come when the psychologists, working very carefully, weighing every recorded word, examining every undisputed action, will arrive at a judgment of Mr. Guedalla's great men as different from his as his is different from the judgments current fifty years ago. The science of biography has an amazing story to tell and as yet it has barely begun to lisp.

But it is probable that when Mr. Guedalla has come to seem scientifically out of date he will still be read for his craftsmanship. Our grandsons may find him as quaint as Lamb himself, but it will be quaintness with a fine flavor. Indeed, the day may dawn when Mr. Guedalla will be described as mellow!

Objection and Reproof

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

I am grateful for the excellent notice of Tolstoy's novel "The Devil" in your issue of April 18, but beg leave to reply to some of your reviewer's remarks about a matter mentioned in my preface. He says he "does not remember having ever read anything of this detail of Tolstoy's biography. It is a pity that the translator does not tell us whence he holds it and where is the letter in which Tolstoy confessed it to a friend. Such indiscreet additions to biographies should be made in a less informal way, with at least a brief mention of the source they are derived from."

I did not refer to the incident in my two-volume "Life of Tolstoy," because that book was issued in 1910, while Tolstoy and his wife were still alive. He would not have objected to my mentioning it, but she might have done so. Then when I condensed my life into the one-volume "Leo Tolstoy," in 1918, my aim and difficulty was to cut it down sufficiently to get it into one volume of moderate size.

I first heard reference to the incident which suggested the story of "The Devil" when I was living in Moscow, meeting Tolstoy frequently at my own lodgings, at his house in town, and at Yasnaya Polyana, and was in touch with his family and with many of his friends; but I might have hesitated to repeat the story had it not so happened that recently a book, written by the tutor for whose support Tolstoy appealed in the matter, was offered me for translation. His account revived and clarified my own recollection of the account I had heard of the incident. Absorption in the preparation of a centenary edition of Tolstoy's works precludes my undertaking this other translation at present, nor am I at liberty to give particulars about it till it is ready for publication. I can only ask your reviewer to believe that, when it appears, it will satisfy him and everybody else that I did not romance when I wrote my preface to "The Devil."

Yours truly,
AYLMER MAUDE.
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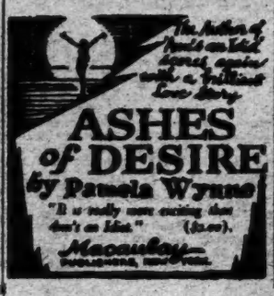

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Books in Brief Review

(Continued from Page 20)

ready riot. "My mother," says Mrs. de Forest," told me that they waited some time for things to quiet down a little. Then, protected by soldiers and with their opera cloaks over their heads, they ran—and escaped unhurt." But they were more fortunate than others, for twenty-two persons were killed and over thirty wounded during the riot.

DARKEST LONDON

IN DARKEST LONDON. By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. Portrait frontispiece. 255 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IT took courage and an adventurous heart and large and persistent quantities of determination for a woman to undertake the enterprise which Mrs. Chesterton carried through successfully. She wanted to find out just what would happen to a working woman who should find herself alone and penniless in London, with no character references to help her secure a job. She particularly wanted to test the results of trying to get a job without such references. And so, on a cold Winter night, she put on her oldest and shabbiest clothes and a raincoat, tied up a few toilet necessaries in a brown paper parcel and mingled with the crowd of passengers dismounting from the Liverpool train at Euston Station. She had not so much as a penny in her pocket. After the crowd cleared away she told a policeman that she had lost her bag and asked him where she could find a bed for the night. Thus she entered upon her adventure, which lasted, apparently, some weeks. During the course of it she slept in Salvation Army shelters, in municipal lodging houses, in workhouses, in horrible places where the price of a bed was "tuppence" a night, she walked the streets for hours in rain, wind and cold, she sold matches on the street and peddled in barrooms small articles of various kinds and she made acquaintance with all manner of feminine down-and-outs. During all this time she was trying to get a job as a cook by applying at labor exchanges and in other ways, but her lack of a reference proved always to be an insurmountable bar. Sometimes she could earn a few pennies by scrubbing steps or doing a little cleaning. But it was street sales that furnished most of the small moneys that enabled her to sleep under a roof and to buy insufficient food.

It was a brave and knightly adventure, and the account of it gives the reader many a thrill. The descriptions and criticisms of the various municipal and philanthropic attempts to care for such outcasts as those whose manner of life Mrs. Chesterton was sharing are of less interest to American than to English readers. But the author's vivid and realistic pictures of places and individuals and her accounts of her doings are very fascinating. One feels that here is the real stuff of life as it is lived by those who have sunk to the dregs, portrayed by one who never lost for her associates the sympathetic understanding of their common humanity. One may not always agree with her philosophy of human nature and one may think that she is sometimes inclined to be sentimental, or unwarrantedly tolerant, in her estimates of the derelicts with whom she foregathered. But she is always interesting, and her interpretation of the psychological conditions of her associates is well worth the attention of students of psychology and of philanthropic methods.

LURE OF LONDON

THE SPELL OF LONDON. By H. V. Morton. 213 pp. New York: Brentano's. $1.50.

MR. MORTON is the author of a previous and somewhat similar book, "The Heart of London." Like that volume, this new one consists of many brief sketches of life and scenes in London which, as also the others, had appeared first in The London Daily Express. They are good reportorial stuff, giving colorful though wholly superficial pictures of people, places and events as they revealed themselves to a writer of alert attention, seeing eyes and sympathetic heart. But there is very little endeavor to go beneath the surface, to discover inner significance, to formulate some philosophy, or, when the author does attempt more than superficial picturing, the result is likely to be mere commonplace sentiment.

But the sketches are exceedingly varied in theme and substance, dealing with a little boy standing outside the door of a "pub," or a pair of long-married sweethearts in a train, the husband blind and the wife devoted; the noon hour in Leather Lane, near Holborn Circus; the people in a physician's waiting room in Harley Street; a trip in the patrol boat of the Thames River police; an hour in the receiving and transmitting room of the Cable Company; the old men in Charterhouse; scenes on the last train at night of the tube.

They are all concerned with everyday scenes and incidents of London, such as any one might come across in traveling round about that great city, whose worthwhileness for the daily newspaper column Mr. Morton recognized because he saw them to be significant of the daily life of its millions of people.

SPIRITUAL HEALING

SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUAL HEALING. By William T. Walsh. Foreword by the Right Rev. Arthur Selden Lloyd. 179 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

THE healing of the sick by prayer and the laying on of hands has been attracting attention among church members during the last decade or so and several books have been written about it. This new one by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church is a straightforward discussion of its principles and of its Christian authentication and a description of the technique for the application of those principles. The author writes out of his own first-hand knowledge, for in his own pastorate in New York City he practices the methods of which he writes. Dr. Lloyd, Bishop Suffragan of the Diocese of New York, who writes the foreword, welcomes the book as evidence of the approach of the time "when the priest and the physician must collaborate."

Mr. Walsh considers spiritual healing to be "a science based on certain fundamental principles" which give rise to laws that have to do with "a force or energy called by the Apostle Paul 'the power that worketh in us.'" And he presently defines this power to be "what we mean by God." Speaking of the method by which such healing is done he says: "Spiritual healing is brought about by one realizing himself as a soul, holding communion with another soul, and thereby bringing to the other soul what he himself realizes, namely, the truth of God as the source of all that is good—health, peace, power, plenty, life."

In the first section of the book the author discusses the practice of scientific spiritual healing, explaining its meaning, its technique, its place in Christianity, and describes a number of successful cases. He maintains that spiritual healing, as he understands and practices it, differs fundamentally from other healing movements, such as Christian Science and New Thought, in its conception of God. The second section deals with the relations between spiritual healing and modern science and with the philosophy and psychology of such healing. One chapter is devoted to studies in meditation and prayer for the use of those preparing to practice spiritual healing. An appendix contains letters from people who have been benefited by Mr. Walsh's ministrations.

About the middle of June E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish "Casements. Fifty Poems by Fifty French Poets, 1800-1920," selected and translated by Richard Cloudsly Savage.

New Light on Russia

(Continued from Page 15)

of the Russian history which the learned author stresses throughout his illuminating book. And reading it one realizes once more how naïve are all attempts to explain the events of 1917 by that which Emperor Nicholas II, his ministers or his courtiers did or did not do. The possibility of these events was deeply rooted in the anarchical character of the Russian people, in the lack of juridical conceptions based on the rich and civilizing patrimony of the Roman law, in the chasm that separated a Governor or an official from the mass of the people, in that formlessness and shapelessness which are typical both of the Russian history and of the Russian psychology.

One of the main qualities of Sir Bernard's narrative lies in the breadth of its scope, for it covers not only the political, diplomatic and military history of Russia, but also the history of its institutions, of its social classes, of its economics, of its civilization and culture in general. At every important turning point of Russia's national life the author poses for a while to draw accurate and informative pictures of it. The development of serfdom which assumed toward the eighteenth century the odious forms of an almost complete slavery that killed in the peasant the little of juridical conception he had, the penetration into Russia of the earliest European influences under Peter's predecessors, the separation of various religious sects from the main body of the Russian Church, all is traced in a clear and precise manner. Here is, for instance, the picture of Russian society at the end of Peter the Great's reign:

> Peter's work was complete as far as one lifetime could make it so. There was no department in which he did not make the beginnings of Russia's new civilisation. He himself corrected and simplified the Russian alphabet which was in use after him. He was himself the editor of the first public newspaper in Russia. He prescribed the translation of books on all subjects into Russian, and flooded the Russian language with new unintelligible German titles and words. Under his direction was brought out the first textbook on social behavior, in which his subjects were ordered to be amiable, modest and respectful, to learn languages, to look people in the face, take off their hats, not to dance in boots, or to spit on the floor, or sing too loud, put the finger in the nose, rub the lips with the hand * * *; and his assemblies or social gatherings, at which he made attendance compulsory, were the first crude school of European conventions. Russia was to be Europeanised by the knout, a process which would only take effect on the thin upper stratum of the Russian community.

Valuable and interesting are the pages devoted to the development of the revolutionary movement in the modern Russia. The author is perfectly right in his paradoxical assertion that the first propagandists of Western revolutionary ideas in the Empire were the Encyclopedist Empress Catherine II and the free-thinking Emperor Alexander I. Reading these pages one comes to realise how miserably imitative and unoriginal was the revolutionism of the Russian nobles and, later on, intellectuals who switched from Voltaire to Hegel and Feierbach, from the Utopias of Fourrier to the doctrine of Karl Marx. Indeed, Lenin was just as much of an imported commodity as was Rurik, the viking hireling invited to Kiev 1,100 years ago.

The history of the reign of the last Romanoff, of the Great War as it affected Russia, of the downfall of the old régime and of the revolution, including a short summary of the first years of the Communist rule, are described by Sir Bernard with the same scientific aloofness as the earlier epochs of Russia's life. He states facts and, wherever possible, analyses the causes of events he describes, but, as a real historian, passes no judgments, no verdicts. It is true that, here and there, one feels behind this aloofness the political convictions of a liberal Englishman sympathizing with one thing and disapproving of the other. It is also true that one encounters here a few little inaccuracies of details. For this, however, the author cannot be blamed. It is only the future historian who will be able to give us a fuller account of these years and who will remain unprejudiced in the treatment of this subject, unprejudiced at least from the viewpoint of prejudices in which his age will live.

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Notes on Rare Books

IT has long been a matter of agreement among typographical experts that the types of Nicholas Jenson, who printed in Florence between 1470 and 1480, have never been excelled. Any one who has looked upon them, particularly after long contact with the heavy black-letter of most incunabula, will have an instant and vivid impression of something clean cut and chaste, something perfectly balanced and, among types, clearly beautiful.

This, we know, is saying a great deal for a type—it would be high praise for anything in art—but it has been said in words of equal value many times before. Its admirable intrinsic characteristics were immediately recognized; a contemporary wrote that "the quality and value of his types is another marvel to relate, for it ought to be ascribed rather to divine inspiration than to human wit. * * * The characters are so methodically and carefully finished by that famous man that the letters are not smaller or larger or thicker than reason demands or than may afford pleasure." It was, perhaps, the first time that a utilitarian medium had awakened so keen a delight that it inspired a student to say that it afforded pleasure.

The tributes to Jenson have been many and varied, and whether by inference or expression they have been in a superlative key. The first task of William Morris as a printer was to design a type face satisfactory to himself.

> What I wanted [he wrote in after years] was a letter pure in form; severe, without needless excrescences; * * * and not compressed laterally. * * * There was only one source from which to take examples of this perfected roman type, to wit, the work of the great Venetian printers of the fifteenth century, of whom Nicholas Jenson produced the completest and the most perfect roman characters from 1470 to 1476. This type I studied with much care. * * *

Later it was selected by Emery Walker and T. J. Cobden Sanderson for the Doves Press productions.

***

THE most recent of the published tributes to Jenson and his work is to be found in "Nicholas Jenson, Printer of Venice: His Famous Type Designs and Some Comment Upon the Printing Types of Earlier Printers," by Henry Lewis Bullen (librarian of the American Typographic Library and Museum at Jersey City). This excellent essay, which skilfully consolidates the information relating to Jenson and his types with some valuable collateral matter, is itself paid a tribute by its method of presentation. It has been printed by John Henry Nash of San Francisco, who has done some of the very finest original and reproductive work issued in America. In this example he has produced a piece of great typographical excellence—a dignified symbol of his high proficiency in his art. The type in which Mr. Bullen's essay is set is 18-point, a recutting of Jenson's roman letter by Morris Fuller Benton. Each copy contains an original leaf of Plutarch's "Vitae Parallelae Illustrium Virorum," 1478. This book, famous in the history of incunabula, has been characterized as "the famous Jenson Plutarch, perhaps the finest product of this press, printed in a magnificent clear type, the finest roman type ever designed." An original, containing 207 leaves, has been broken up to provide a Jenson exemplar for every copy of the limited edition of Mr. Bullen's essay. The presence of such a leaf as this, which has not become an uncommon feature in specially treated "collectors' books," is something more than a novelty here and something more than a scholarly accessory. It offers a first-hand opportunity to make a careful comparative examination of the original and its modified copy, and to see whether in that transition there was a loss or a gain. If that was the prime motive that inspired Mr. Nash to include the original leaf we consider the spirit a thoughtful and generous one. If, on the other hand, it accompanies the book to imply an improvement in its modern prototype, that purpose on the printer's part would be natural and understandable, and Mr. Nash's work can meet the test.

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IN the conversion of Jenson's type, as exemplified in this book, we think that much was gained because of the habits of the modern eye. There is no essential intrinsic difference between the types—each has grace and dignity—but the beauty of one is an Old World beauty, still clinging a little to its manuscript origins, and the grace of the other derives from the full-grown art in its perfect completion. The chief differences in Jenson's type as displayed by the original leaf from its modern representations are the breaks in typographical continuity by the generous use of type abbreviations, by its long-tailed capital "Q's," by its heavier outlines and its harmonious relation to coarse paper. Originally the paper must have made an excellent receptive background for a brilliant black ink. The type employed by Nash shows more reticence, appears to be more slender and is, in other words, a refined copy of the original. The paper is not so coarse as in the original, although it was selected as closest in texture and tone to that Jenson used.

The recut type is distinctly beautiful, so beautiful indeed that it at first dazzles the eye accustomed to our purely commercial productions. But when the eye has once become accustomed to its aristocratic outlines and its stately regularity, it affords a soothing quality rarely offered by type. We have no doubt that Mr. Nash's book will take its place among the best modern typographical examples by its sheer merit.

We have, perhaps, given too little consideration to Mr. Bullen's essay, and much that he has to say is important as well as entertaining. But it seemed to us that the typographical features of the book offer primary interest. Mr. Bullen is too well known to collectors and students to require any introduction from us, and much of his essay is a restatement of matters familiar to students.

***

IT must be obvious, however, that were his work not exceptional it could not have had so exceptional a presentation. Perhaps one excerpt, the close of his treatise, will serve to indicate the quality of his work better than our consolidated report of his essay.

> As a printer, Nicolas Jenson was the greatest of those who divorced typography from the natural effort of the earlier pen-taught printers to imitate their previous pen-made effects, and whose work, when completed by the illuminators, had a tendency to the florid. Gothic types, especially when large, have a certain decorative effect in themselves, which was easily amplified by the illuminators. Jenson and his contemporaries in Italy established a new school of typography, in which clearness and simplicity were the predominant features. No printed book made prior to 1470 is so easily read as the first book printed by Jenson. In our time William Morris followed, in the main, the earlier school of typography, while Cobden-Sanderson and Bruce Rogers, both of whom have bettered Morris's inspiration, may be said to be to a noticeable extent of the school of Jenson, who permitted himself no ornamentation, relying solely upon the purity and beauty of his types, the just proportions of his margins and the careful adjustment of the types to the paper or underlying color, effected by perfect spacing of the letters in the words and of the words in the line and of the masses in the pages. Without his beautiful types Jenson's pages would have been accepted as technically good—very good—but with these masterly types we think it not extravagant to describe them at their best as sublime. Those who have not seen the best of Jenson's pages but who have had the advantage of studying John Henry Nash's works in restorations of Jenson's roman type face, which have been named Cloister Old Style and Cloister Lightface, will there find in any of the undecorated pages a reincarnation of Jenson's work, with the added quality derivable from our superior apparatus and facilities for procuring better impressions than were possible in the early days of our art. * * *

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In the old days, the river days,
When all the channel through
The great boats went sailing down
Past dyke and marsh and river town,
High bluff and dim bayou. . . .

"Beyond Space and Time"

E. T. B.—I wonder if any reader could tell me from what this verse is taken and if there is any more to it: "Somewhere beyond space and time, is wetter water, slimier slime."

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If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it!

"Bird of April"

H. S.—Can you give me the name of the author of these verses:

Singer, singing at my door,
Bird of April, sing no more,
Save indeed you can bring back
All the singing years before.

"In the Cocoanut Glade"

G. A. J.—Would some reader kindly advise where I may find a copy of the poem, the beginning of which is:

So, son, you've come to the tropics,
heard all that you have to do,
Is to sit in the shade of a cocoanut glade, while the dollars roll in to you.

"The Loon Is Calling"

H. T. E.—Can any reader assist me in locating the author and title of these lines:

The loon is calling over lakes of gold
That belt the hazy north; the maples glow
Yellow and red; the drowsy torrents flow
Along where colored views aye unfold;
The wild steer stalks upon his matted mold
With stealthy tread. Pensive the evenings grow
And all the woodland creatures seem to know
Their year of sport and pleasure hath grown old.
Thus shall the earth grow gray, and so shall man
Ripen unto the end. Ah, well for him
If the rich day that he so glad began
Sees such a mellow sun on life's last rim!
Then shall he, weary, claim a welcome sure
In the Great Father's lodge and rest secure.

"All the Wars Gone By"

WILCOX—The following verse may have appeared in "Stars and Stripes." Can any one tell me where to find the complete poem?

When I was but a lad in school,
I used to sit and sigh
To think that history was all made
And all the wars gone by.

"Nobody Knows and Nobody Cares"

S. G. S.—I have been trying for some time to locate a piece of poetry which, I believe, is called "Nobody Knows and Nobody Cares." It tells of a little girl who is born among the hardships of the tenement district. She has but one prize possession—a doll. To this doll she confided all her hopes and childish dreams—then the fatal day. This little doll, now dirty and torn, is cast-away by the thoughtless parent and with it go the hopes and ambition of a higher plane—for nobody knows and nobody cares. The loss of this doll has a direct bearing on the future of the girl—down the swirling path of destiny she careens, for "nobody knows and nobody cares."

"St. Paul and Gamaliel"

C. E. T.—Some years ago there appeared a poem concerning St. Paul trying to win his old teacher, Gamaliel, to Christ. Can any one tell me where I can get that complete poem?

"For All Some Sweet Hope Lies"

M. A. C.—I have been unable to find the author of these lines:

Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

"Life's Reason"

C. F.—I would like to know where the following passage has been taken from, the name of the poet and when written:

We know not life's reason,
The span of the season;
We know not that they know
The Great ones above.
None of us sought it,
And few could support it.
Were it not Great with the glamour of love.

ANSWERS

"An Eye Remedy"

FREDERICK F. SCHRADER, New York.—P. J. M. wishes to know the title of the play in which the character, Colonel Mulberry Sellers, used the expression "There's millions in it." The play was "The Gilded Age," and it was dramatized from Mark Twain's novel of the same title by George N. Dinsmore, a San Francisco newspaper man. It was originally produced in San Francisco in 1873 and came to New York two years later. A copy of Mark Twain's novel may be found at any library. John T. Raymond played the part of Colonel Sellers.

A number of very interesting replies have been received in answer to this request from readers who saw the play in those days. The plot of the play is about an eye remedy that Colonel Sellers prepared that could be made for 75 cents a barrel and sold for one dollar a bottle.

"Sicilian Vespers"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem, "Sicilian Vespers," for which H. N. A. asked in your issue of May 16 is by John Greenleaf Whittier and may be found in his collected works. The poem Miss Everett sent with her letter has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"Mother"

A. R. JOHNSTON, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Enclosed find a copy of the poem for which E. F. M. asks in your issue of May 23. I clipped it from a magazine some years ago. The author is Mabel Stevens Freer.

THE MOTHER.

She never touched with skillful brush, the canvas,
And left a picture that the world might praise,
Or with inspired fingers on the key board,
Sent down an echo through the length of days;
But once with eyes tear-stained, yet looking upward,
With smiling lips she passed beneath the rod,
Descending almost to the vale of shadows
To bring a little new-born soul from God.
She never sang a song of joy or sadness,
In clear, sweet tones to make us smile or weep;
Her voice, too weak to win the world's approval,
Was only good to hush a babe to sleep.
She never penned a book whose glowing pages,
Might lift us up, and help us in the fight,
But day by day she sought with loving patience,
To guide two little stumbling feet aright.
And yet, mayhap, when at the gate of heaven
She paused, God looked at her, and smiled.
With hand outstretched, His kind voice spoke a welcome
To her, the Mother of a little child.

Miss Leona H. Shumway, Sayre, Pa.; Maude M. Wallan, Brightwaters, N. Y., and Mrs. W. L. Murphy, Jacksonville, Fla., also contributed the poem, a copy of which has been sent to our correspondent.

"William Rufus"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—There is a poem called "Death in the Forest," by Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-97), compiler of "The Golden Treasury," which may be the one about King William Rufus, who was killed Aug. 2, 1100, while hunting, for which E. O. H. asked in your issue of May 23. It is too long to publish, but a copy has been sent to our correspondent.

An anonymous reader from Jersey City, N. J., writes that she recalls from her childhood a book by Ellen Clementine Howeth which contained the poem, and below she gives all that she remembers of it. The title is not given.

One in her girlhood flying
From his unhallowed sighing,
Pillowed the head, undying,
Of Rufus, the King.

"Trip It to the Men"

MISS DOROTHY HOFFER, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—"Trip it to the Men," asked for by A. H. S. in your issue of May 16 is a seventeenth century English folksong. It may be found set to music as a Maypole dance in Junior Laurel Songs, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston, Mass. It is too long to print in full, but the first verse is given herewith:

Come, lassie and lad,
Be blithe and glad
And away to the Maypole hie,
For ev'ry fair has a partner there
And the fiddler's standing by,
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny shall dance with Joan,
And trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Miss Jessie du Buse, Elizabeth, N. J., answered this appeal and the following readers supplied copies of the song, one of which has been sent to our correspondent: Josephine Hull, New York; Gertrude M. Murphy, New Milford, Conn.; Mrs. J. A. Monahan, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Green, New York, and D. B. Leonard, Kenwood, N. Y., who tells us that the song may also be had from R. Caldecott's Picture Book, No. 4, published by Frederick A. Warne & Co., New York.

"Plaisir D'Amour"

MARY S. CHAMBERS, New York.—"Plaisir d' Amour," by Martini, for which E. P. asked in your issue of May 30, is the last song in the "Anthology of Italian Songs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Vol. 1), published in New York by Schirmer's.

Patricia O'Connell, New York; Granite Spring, New York; William Burke, New York, and H. C. Collins, Lowell, Mass., supplied copies of the song. We regret that we have not space to print it in full.

"Lew Morrison"

J. AUSTIN FINES, New York.—In your issue of May 30, J. F. L. R. asks for biographical data, criticisms, prompt books, &c., of Lewis Morrison, an old-time actor who starred in Faust. My recollection of him is that he came from California and was of Jewish extraction. He was an actor of ability in certain strongly defined parts. He first appeared at the old Union Square Theatre, in New York, on May 30, 1883, in an unsuccessful play called "The Living Age," supported by a company of fifteen actors, all of whom are dead and among whom was the rubicund and versatile "utility man," John E. Ince, father of the Ince boys of moving picture fame. Morrison's daughter, Rosabel, a dark-eyed actress of beauty and talent, was on

(Continued on Page 31)

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 30)

the stage as late as 1899 in Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." In the cast with her were Wilton Lackaye, Dick Carle, William Norris, Mathilde Cotrelly, Mabel Taliaferro, Blanche Bates and others. They may be able to put your inquirer in touch with Lewis Morrison's daughter, who was Mrs. Ed J. Abraham in private life and, who, I am sure, supported her father in his later tours in Faust, which he produced spectacularly for a number of seasons.

Dr. Gustavus Haas, New York, sent in an interesting reply to this request, which is too long to print, but we have forwarded it to our correspondent. He tells us that he wrote a special version of Faust for Mr. Morrison on a contract of $10 royalty a performance, which was never kept up. He has the manuscript in his possession as well as criticisms of the actors and the play as then written.

"Seas Uncreasable"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem wanted by J. L. D. (May 23) is Berton Braley's tribute to the men who worked on the Panama Canal, and is called "At Your Service (The Panama Gang)." The lines recalled by J. L. D. are at the end of the second stanza. I send the poem.

AT YOUR SERVICE.
(The Panama Gang).
Berton Braley.

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us,
Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the Canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference—
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
We who have shattered a continent's spine;
Office work—Lord, but we couldn't do that again.
Haven't you something that's more in our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do."

Take a good look at the whole husky gang of us,
Engineers, doctors and steam shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
Chockful of energy, vigor and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history;
Who has a job for this Panama Gang?

John H. Cook, Red Bank, N. J., also contributed a copy of the poem, and it has been sent to our correspondent. Miss L. E. Rector, New York, writes that it is contained in Mr. Braley's book entitled "Songs of a Work-a-Day World" (page 41), published by George H. Doran & Co., New York. Mrs. James A. Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Frederick J. Shepard, Buffalo, N. Y., also sent in information about this request.

"The Country Doctor"

BYRON A. FINNEY (Reference Librarian Emeritus, University Michigan), Ann Arbor—In your issue of May 23 E. G. H. asks where Will Carleton's poem, "The Country Doctor," can be obtained. This poem appeared in Carleton's volume "Rhymes of our Planet," published by Harper & Brothers in 1895, and is still in print. I am writing a life of Will Carleton and may be able to answer other questions if any one is interested.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., contributed the poem and a copy of it has been sent to our correspondent. She tells us that Mr. Carleton was born in Hudson, Mich., Oct. 21, 1845, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 18, 1912. The poem is too long to publish, but below we print the first stanza:

There's a gathering in the village, that has never been outdone
Since the soldiers took their muskets to the war of '61;
And a lot of lumber wagons near the church upon the hill,
And a crowd of country people, Sunday-dressed and very still.
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door;
For with coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,
Lies the grim old country doctor, in a massive oaken bed,
Lies the fierce old country doctor,
Lies the kind of country doctor
Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.

W. H. Alger, Otego, N. Y., and H. C. Ivy, Newport News, Va., also answered this query. Clint C. Shean, Waterloo, Iowa, and Howard James, Hollywood, Cal., also contributed the poem.

"Ode to a Skull"

MISS LAURA DEAKE, Cedarhurst, L. I.—In answer to R. E. P. in your issue of May 30, I enclose the poem clipped from an old publication:

LINES ON A SKELETON.

It is always well to rescue a good thing from oblivion. Sixty years ago The London Morning Chronicle published a poem entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair, readable hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of The Morning Chronicle. Here are the lines:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope nor pleasure, joy nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them;
But, if the path of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

James Derbyshire, Newark; John H. Cook, Red Bank, N. J., and H. G. Reading, Franklin, Pa., contributed copies of the poem, one of which has been sent to our correspondent. Mr. Cook tells us that the poem has been published under a number of names and is contained in Bryant's "A Library of Poetry and Song," under the title "To a Skeleton." The author has never been discovered.

"Life Is a Bridge"

MARY LOUISE PARDEE, Newtown, Conn.—In your issue of May 30 M. G. Q. asks for the quotation "Life is a bridge, pass over it, build not on it," and suggests that it may be one of the inscriptions in the Taj Mahal. D. E. Lorenz, in his guidebook, "The Round the World Traveler" (page 390), places it as a part of the inscription on the Gate of Victory at Fatehpur Sikri, the city built by Akbar, the Mogul Emperor, some twenty-four miles from Agra, the city of the Taj Mahal. Lorenz says: "The most striking feature of this gateway is an inscription on the east side of the central archway, a part of which reads: 'Isa (the Arabic form of Jesus), on whom be peace, said: The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house there. The world is but an hour; spend it in devotion. The rest is unseen.' "

John H. Cook, Esq., Red Bank, N. J.; Mrs. Mabel French Champion, Great Barrington, Mass., and the Rev. Thomas J. Buckton, Red Wing, Minn., also sent in the quotation as given above.

R. C. Spitzer, Lebanon, Pa., and Mary B. Feyer, Wilmington, N. C., write the proper translation as follows:

Jesus, on whom be peace, has said, "The world is merely a bridge; ye are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings upon it."

Dr. George Smith's "Life of Dr. Duff," and Dr. David Smith's "Unwritten Sayings of Our Lord," contain the details of the discovery of this "saying."

"Hannibal's Oath"

ARTHUR POWELL, Esq., Bridgeport, Conn.—In answer to the query of E. M. T. in your issue of May 30, the poem referred to is, without doubt, Letitia Elizabeth Landon's "Hannibal's Oath." Miss Landon, afterward Mrs. George MacLean, was an English woman (1802-1838). The poem may be found in "Red Letter Poems by English Men and Women" (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). The copy of the poem Mr. Powell sends is too long to publish. However, we print below the first two stanzas:

And the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air;
The leaves of the grove were still,
And the presence of death was there.

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea;
It was as if, like fire,
It had no tranquillity.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., also contributed the poem, a copy of which has been sent to our correspondent. R. W. Archbald, Scranton, Pa., and Mary D. Maine, Spanish, Mass., also answered this query.

"A Monk's Poem"

WILLIAM J. THOMAS, New York.—The poem, "Courtesy," referred to by G. H. H. S. in your issue of May 30 as a monk's poem, was written by Hilaire Belloc and appeared with the music by Harvey Officer, in the Holy Cross Magazine issued at West Park, N. Y., several years ago.

Arthur Powell, Esq., Bridgeport, Conn., writes that the poem may be found in full in Stevenson's "Home Book of Modern Verse." It is a long one of seven stanzas and we print herewith the first one:

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

Rebekah R. Levy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Harvey Officer, New York, also answered this request. Mr. Officer writes that his setting of the poem was never published and does not include all the verses.

"The Communion Service"

I. J. WILLIAMS, New York.—The author of the lines, "The Altar stands arrayed, but there are His soldiers. Have no fear. The toil and care distract thee; I am here," for which A. A. B. inquires in your issue of May 30, may be found on page 189 of "The Bread of Life," a book published by the Morehouse Publishing Company, at Milwaukee, Wis.

"A Friend Worth Loving"

E. S. ANDREWS, Beacon Falls, Conn.—I enclose the poem asked for by J. M. S. in your issue of May 30. I do not know the author.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinges his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before its God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A number of readers answered this query, not a few of whom sent in the poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"A Correction"

MRS. K. D. VON BONNHORST, Hollis, L. I.—May I be allowed to take exception to the names of those credited as being the author of the poem, "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," printed in your issue of May 30? My copy gives the author as Francis Sargent Osgood, a New England poet, and I have had it at least forty years.

Miss Fanny R. Poole, Port Chester, N. Y., also calls attention to this error. In the answers published in these columns of May 30 Eaton Faning was given by several correspondents as the author of the poem, whereas he wrote only the music.

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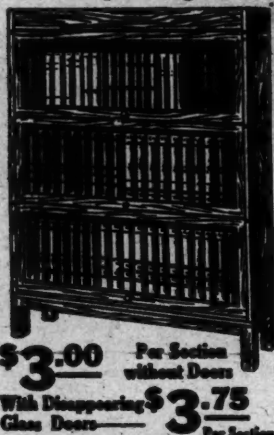

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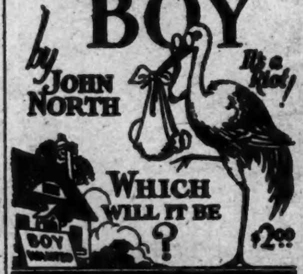

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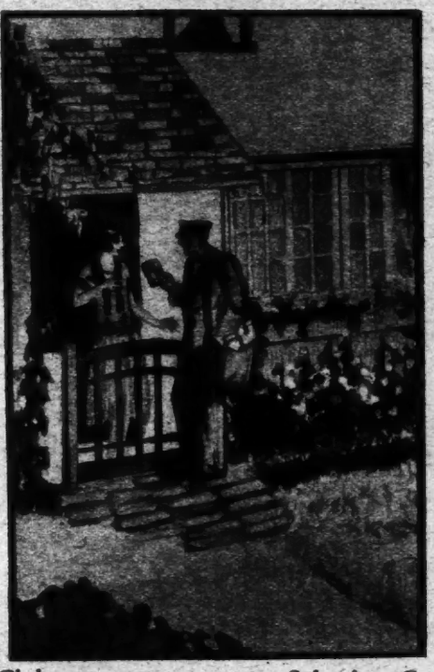

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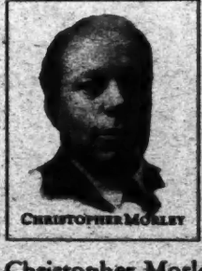
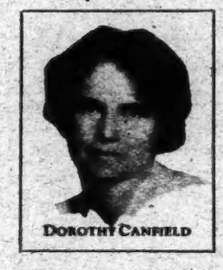


CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The "best book" each month is chosen for you by a group of unbiased critics and writers, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have been demonstrated for many years before the public. The members of this Selecting Committee are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley, and William Allen White.

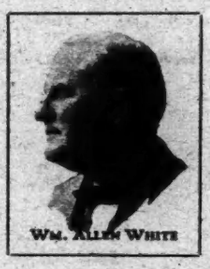
These individuals have no connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club, except to act as a Selecting Committee. The new books *of all publishers* are submitted to them each month. They read these books independently, agree among themselves each month as to which is the "best", and it is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club. With it there always goes some interesting comment, by members of the committee, both about the "book-of-the-month" and other new books recommended.



DOROTHY CANFIELD

The price at which the books are billed to you is in every case the publisher's retail price. There is no charge for the service itself.

Already several thousand busy men and women—indeed, some of the most prominent people in the country—have become subscribers to this service. Those who join it at this time are placed in the category of "charter" subscribers, *with special privileges which it will not be possible to offer later.*



WM. ALLEN WHITE

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